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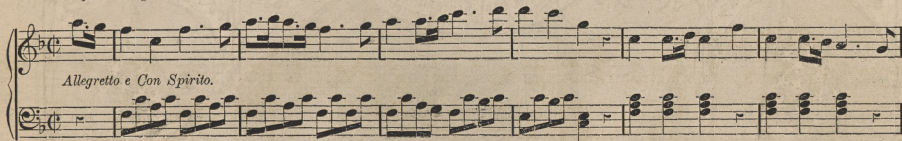
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# Our Darling Kate

Words & Melody  
 BY  
 JOHN McILHON

Music Arranged  
 FOR THE PIANO  
 BY  
 THE LATE STEPHEN C. FOSTER

The arrangement of this Melody was the last musical effort of Stephen C. Foster, and the value placed upon it by its owner, as a relic and favorite work, of the late eminent composer, rendered the securing of it exclusively for the ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY a very costly affair. We hope, however, that it will prove an agreeable souvenir to many of our readers.



1. There's a bright-eyed maid comes thro' the gar-den gate, Light as the wild roe  
 2. Her ra-diant face is seen a-mid the trees, Bright as the sun - light  
 3. Her ra-ven curls hang o'er a neck of snow, Bath'd in the sun-beams

bound-ing, O! well I know she is our dar-ling Kate, For her voice in my heart is sound-ing; And her  
 beam-ing, Her fra-grant breath gives o-dor to the breeze, And her eyes like twin stars are beam-ing; And  
 bright-ness, Her peach-like cheek with mo-dest blushes glow, And her brow shames the li-ly's white-ness; O!

light mer-ry laugh, so mellow, soft, and clear, On sum-mer breez-es ring-ing, Like a sil-ver bell strikes  
 bright acreal forms up-on her smiles await On morn's bright pin-ions soar-ing, They come to greet our  
 were I possess'd of India's vast es-tate, Or the fa-bled wealth of sto-ry, I'd give them all our for



*rit.* *tem.*

on the ravished ear, And flow'rs 'neath her feet are spring - ing.  
 dar - ling lit - tle Kate, Her an - gel form a - dor - ing.  
 dar - ling lit - tle Kate, Our own bright Morn - ing - glo - ry.

## CHORUS.

Soprano. Dar - ling, dar - ling, dar - ling lit - tle Kate, Fair as the star of morn - ing, Thine this heart, what -

Alto. Dar - ling, dar - ling, dar - ling lit - tle Kate, Fair as the star of morn - ing, Thine this heart, what -

Tenor. Dar - ling, dar - ling, dar - ling lit - tle Kate, Fair as the star of morn - ing, Thine this heart, what -

Base. Dar - ling, dar - ling, dar - ling lit - tle Kate, Fair as the star of morn - ing, Thine this heart, what -

*Poco più Presto.*

*rit.* *tem.*

- ev - er be my fate, Till the lamp of life cease burn - ing.

- ev - er be my fate, Till the lamp of life cease burn - ing.

- ev - er be my fate, Till the lamp of life cease burn - ing.





HOME AND WALKING DRESSES, FOR THE SPRING OF 1865.





## REVIEW OF FASHION.

The past winter will be remembered as inaugurating a new era in fashionable costume. Not only have more novelties been produced than for several preceding years, but, in some respects, an entire revolution was either effected or attempted.

In bonnets, for instance, in the annihilation of the curtain, and almost the crown also; in the introduction of the coat, vest, cape, high boots, not to speak of minor matters, such as the wide belt and superabundant buckles.

All these innovations have been more or less successful; some only partially so, others almost universally, but the present season will demonstrate whether the changes which have been made will be likely to prove permanent.

So far as the masculine coat is concerned the answer may be set down as decidedly in the negative. The majority of American ladies are delicate and fastidious in their tastes, and, notwithstanding the imitations cast upon their sex, from time immemorial, in regard to a particular article of male costume, really dislike any approach to a "fast" or masculine style of dress. *Eccentric* or *outré* styles are, therefore, always confined to a few persons whose love of novelty counters their taste and judgment.

As a suggestion, however, the coat has been very well received. Lappels, stimulated by elegant trimmings, have given variety, if not beauty, to both dresses and cloaks, and have supplied an excellent base of operations for the skill and inventive genius of dress-makers and modistes.

The coat sleeve, though almost universally unbecoming, has been universally adopted, but it rests with the artist to so adopt and modify certain forms and designs as to make them graceful and becoming or the reverse.

Epaulettes or the pretty jockey cap can do much toward removing the appearance of stiff and painful angularity, but there is also a new method of fulfilling the material on a coat sleeve lining, and dividing it into puffs by a straight inch-wide band on the inside and outside of the arm, which is much admired and will be extensively made in the thinner fabrics worn as the season advances.

Wide belts have altogether taken the place of narrow ones, but instead of the black belt and fancy buckle, which adapted itself to every dress, it is now ordained that the belt shall match the dress, the

buckle, as before, being a matter of choice and taste.

The wide belts render it necessary to make the waist as slender as possible, and, in fact, the great object now is, to remove all superfluous fullness from the waist and hips, so that the lines of the figure may not extend an atom beyond its natural proportions. Indeed, the gorges and large flat plaits, which are resorted to in order to more perfectly accomplish this object, have the effect of apparently reducing the size and frequently impart an air of elegance to not very graceful persons.

The trimmings worn are as elaborate and even more expensive than ever. Rich cords and tassels, lace, and some very beautiful and costly gimps are employed to the exclusion of velvet, which has had a very long run.

Chenille fringe and chenille pendant balls have been replaced, by ultra fashionable persons, with feather fringe, which is very costly and very perishable, and, therefore, not likely to come into general use. Indeed, it has only been seen, so far, in very small quantities, and is more suitable for bonnets than for dresses and jackets.

Pendant balls are still used, and there is no prettier trimming for short, cashmere breakfast jackets in bright colors.

## DESCRIPTION OF COLORED STEEL PLATE.

FIG. 1. An elegant reception dress of rich drab corded silk, trimmed with green silk; a ruching of green silk is placed round the bottom of the dress, and above that a narrow *coland* is arranged in festoons; above the apex of each festoon is placed three flat bows.

The waist is cut square and low in front, with a deep basque all around, cut in wide scallops and trimmed with ruching and volant of silk, and flat bows, to accord with the skirt, rather wide coat sleeves cut open, and rounding for a short distance on the back, with cap, and bow on the shoulder.

FIG. 2. Dress of violet silk; the skirt is edged with a heavy black silk cord; the trimming consists of a broad band of black silk, crossed obliquely by bands of violet velvet; this band is put on straight on the back breadths, but is carried up the side breadths in sharp angles; a five inch black silk fringe, headed with narrow

violet velvet, is placed just below the silk band. The waist has a point in front, and deep jockey in the back, cut in squares to imitate the trimming on the skirt; short elbowed sleeve, rather large. This sleeve is given in the flat patterns in this number.

FIG. 3. A walking dress of green poplin; the front breadth is trimmed in robe style, with straps of narrow black velvet and double row of velvet buttons down the center; pyramids in the same style are placed on each breadth; the waist is cut with a basque, pointing in front and square in the back; the style of the waist is very novel and becoming; the trimming of narrow velvet and buttons is carried up on the basque and edged with wide velvet, giving all the effect of the fashionable *reatacoat* and jacket, and yet all in one piece.

Large coat sleeve, trimmed in the same style; cut open on the back for a short distance, and strapped across with black velvet.

FIG. 4. Dinner dress of brown silk; the skirt is cut in scallops and bound with black velvet; above that are ten rows of 3-4 inch brown velvet, headed with black velvet put on in scallops; this trimming is carried all up the front breadth and also up the front of the waist, which is cut with a point in front and two deep sash ends and point in the back; small coat sleeve, trimmed to match the waist.

FIG. 5. Young lady's dress of gray, chenille silk, trimmed on the skirt with narrow black barbe lace; it is worn with a white chemise and Spanish waist of the same silk; the waist is a very handsome shape, with two rounded tabs in front and three in the back; a double ruching of black and chenille silk is put all round; two flat bows in front and bow and ends of black ribbon on the shoulder; the flat pattern of this waist is given in this number.

FIG. 6. Little girl's dress of pink poplin, cut in sharp vandikes on the bottom of the skirt, bound with brown velvet and a velvet diamond shape in each point; the jacket is cut off in *zouave* shape in front, and is worn with a white chemise and pointed belt of the same material as the dress; full sleeve with turn back cuff and cap, cut in vandikes to match the jacket and skirt; the back of this dress is given in the inside of the book.

## ENAMELED FLIES.

Glittering butterflies, dragon flies, and brilliant tropical insects of every description are not only used as ornaments upon evening bonnets, head-dresses and garnitures, but are embroidered in colors in the corners of the latest style of pocket handkerchiefs.

The handkerchief is composed of very fine and clear cambric with a broad hem-stitched border. The insets are worked in bright colors in one or more corners, sometimes half inclosed in a pretty crescent.

## HOW WE DO IT.

Persons familiar with the greatly increased cost of labor, printing materials, and every article used in getting up an illustrated periodical, express, personally and by letter, their surprise at the handsome and lavish style in which we issue this Magazine, and sometimes intimate a friendly hope that, in benefiting the public, we may not injure ourselves.

We candidly confess, that heavy profits at present rates, and with the addition of a special tax upon all magazines, is out of the question, but we rely upon a long list of subscribers, present and prospective, to sustain us, and, in the mean time, shall continue to issue, at old rates, the best Magazine in the country, regardless of expense.

## YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS.

We advise ladies, all over the country, to drop their quarterly subscriptions as fast as they run out, or before, and subscribe the necessary additional sum for the entire year. It is very small, and what they get every month will well repay them for the slight outlay.

A monthly record of fashions, events, and useful information of many kinds, is necessary to keep them *au courant* of what is going on, and sustains a greater amount of interest in the Literary and general departments of the Magazine. Moreover, when we spread our board with good things, we want to have *all our* friends enjoy them. So make a little effort, dear friends, one and all, and let us have the pleasure of seeing you once every month. We feel sure the pleasure will be mutual.



## SPRING BONNETS.

March is too early in the season, and is, indeed, regarded too much as a Winter month for any great changes to be made in bonnets, and it is even difficult to venture any precise predictions concerning a part of the toilette, which is so proverbially changeable and capricious.

That they will still continue small in size is undoubted, and, as they have about reached a minimum in that respect, the probabilities are that the shape will continue very much the same; small, round, close, with the drooping crown and no curtain.

Among the recent and most coquetish Parisian bonnets were some which were almost perfect fac-similes of the *Marie Antoinette* cap. They were very simple but very distinguished, and made to match the dress; six dresses, ordered by one lady, having each a bonnet of the same shade made to wear with it.

This uniformity in color is rarely seen in full dress costumes; on the contrary, very vivid contrasts are not only allowed, but enjoined, the plainness and severity which must attach, more or less, to a toilette all of a color, being considered more suitable for traveling or street morning wear.

Very elegant suits, made in the following style, were, however, among the latest novelties.

Dress of rich, corded, purple poplin; muff of velvet, matching in color, and trimmed with bands of dark, rich fur, tinged with yellow; hat of the same shade of velvet, ornamented with a dark brown and yellow feather fringe and bunch of flowers made of feathers to match; with green grass.

Such a suit is very handsome in green or Havane brown, and was among the most distinguished styles introduced during the past season. With it should be worn a basquine of black velvet, trimmed with guipure lace and guipure ornaments; or, for this month, a cloak of heavy armure silk, enriched with the new gimp trimmings.

A novel addition has been made to some of the round or jockey hats, which may or may not become popular. This is a sort of bag shaped like a net, which is attached to the inside at the back, inclosing the hair like a net, but made of velvet or silk, and surrounded by a narrow pinked *ruche*. We cannot say we admire it, and it will certainly be objectionable in Summer, on account of the warmth, although it still fails to protect the ears.

Bonnets of black straw and black crinoline will be very desirable as soon as the Spring season opens. They may be elegantly trimmed with green, mauve, peach-blossom or *violine* ribbon, mingled with grass and wax apples.

Small veils, drawn closely over the face, still continue in vogue, and are made in the most fanciful designs and combinations. These are only worn, however, with round or full dress hats, for the opera or reception purposes. The most lady-like veils for ordinary wear are of black tulle lace in the small round shapes.

## IMPERIAL DRESS ELEVATORS.

They are so perfect, yet so simple and easy of application, as to please the most fastidious. No walking dress is now considered complete without one. Sent free by mail on receipt of price.



EVENING BONNET.

Bonnet formed of alternate puffs of crape and silk; two falls of lace form the crown; a fold of silk passes across the crown and is attached to the strings; inside, a simple spray of wild roses on the right side in tulle.



Bonnet of green silk, stitched in white with Grover & Baker's Machine; a deep fall of white lace forms the crown; at the side is a bow and ends of ribbon, fastened by a rich jet ornament; a jet chain crosses and drops below the lace in the back inside, coral sprays and lace.



CORDED SILK BONNET.

Bonnet of mauve-colored, corded silk, with leaves formed in white point lace round the edge of the bonnet and the crown; the lace is not cut, but laid flat and burned at each leaf; three flat bows of ribbon and fall of point lace form the crown; inside trimmings of white camellia violets and lace.

## SHOULDER KNOTS.

The old-fashioned shoulder knots, made of loops of ribbon, or cord and tassels, are beginning to make their appearance in New York, and promise to be very popular.

When made of cord and tassels, the cord is frequently festooned over the breast in military style, and attaches itself to the tagged buttons which ornament the front of the waist.



THE ATHALIE.

Leghorn hat; the crown is high in front and sloped at the back, something in the style of the Watfall. Hat of last Summer; flat brim all round; bows of blue velvet and white ostrich feather falling back over the crown.



THE CORINNE.

Misses' hat in fine split straw; the crown is high and straight with a brim all round, a little widened in front; a narrow band of black velvet with cluster of bows and bouquet of blue bells and daisies. The Misses' hats were furnished by J. R. Tenney, 409 Broadway, New York.



BREAKFAST CAP.

Of fine India muslin; this is formed of a square of muslin edged with lace, merely caught together in the back by two flat bows of blue ribbon; in front it is attached to a frame by a ribbon rosette on one side and loop on the other; on the frame is placed a ruche of the muslin, edged with lace, passing under the watfall in the back.

## "RAIN-DROPS."

A novelty in crystallizations has made its appearance in the shape of small glass balls attached to a tiny gilt link, by which means they are sewn to the article of dress they are designed to ornament. They have been the most admired novelties of the season in the decoration of white tulle or tulle dresses, and are extremely useful for head-dresses, because of the ease by which they can be attached to any material.

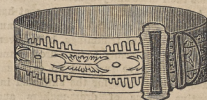
We have seen them used upon a few imported bonnets with great success. Of course, they are almost as light as air or feathers.



Coiffure of white point lace, with bows of purple ribbon on the front; ends of the ribbon pass under the watfall and are caught in a loop in the back, the ends hanging.

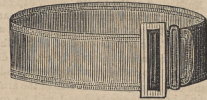


VALENCIENNES SET.



GIRDLE.

This girdle is made of the same material as the dress—3 1/4 inches wide, stitched on the edge, and at intervals ornamented with a small flower in color, stitched by Grover & Baker's Machine; both girdles are worn with wide buckles.



GIRDLE.

We have illustrated a girdle, to be made of the same material as the dress; it is made in rich corded silk, 2 1/2 inches wide, and the end of the belt rounded; with two rows of stitching, done by Grover & Baker's Machine, in a different color, to agree with the trimming of the dress all round both edges.





This set—the breast-pin and ear-rings consist of hoops of gold set with pearls, inclosed in a Greek border of jet, surrounded by a draped border, from which is suspended pear-shaped pearls.



EAR-RING.

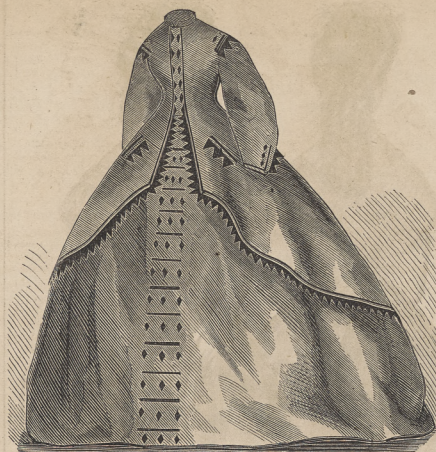
This illustration consists of a single pendant, of elegant shape, finishing with a small ball; the top is formed of Etruscan gold in filigree work, and is most beautiful and artistic in shape and style.

#### LARGE BUTTONS

We have a word of warning to utter respecting the large, square buttons, which seem to have taken the feminine world by storm, so rapidly have they won their way to almost universal favor.

This sudden demand has flooded the market with a quantity of worlless imitations, which are sold at a high price but are not really worth the threat used to sew them on. For the most part, the top is simpy and insecurely glued on the shank, and in these days, when garments of every description are "covered all over with buttons," it is not a little mortifying for a lady to discover, every time she puts on a dress, or goes out for a drive or a promenade, that she is minus the best looking half of many of her buttons and only has the unsightly shanks remaining.

In the meantime, while the square buttons hold undisputed sway, we advise that as few button-holes be made for them as possible and the best quality purchased; they will be found much the cheapest, as really good articles usually are in the end.



FRENCH WALKING DRESS.

This is one of the most elegant of what are called the "bonnie" dresses, at present so fashionable abroad. The long under-skirt is fastened by a belt to the waist; the upper skirt forms a gored tunic, with high body and long sleeves behind, but short in front, where it opens upon the skirt beneath. It is trimmed with a border of taffetas, cut out in points, and headed with a flat braid or gimp; large, square buttons; the tunic and skirt generally differ in material and also in color, the harmony of contrast being always carefully preserved; two shades of the same color are very effective.



THE "MADELINE" ROBE.

A gored morning dress, made in small-checked silk, lilac and white, and trimmed with box-quilling of lilac silk; the skirt is ornamented en tablier; the body is composed of a jacket rounded off from the front and held by straps over the front of the chemise; a wide belt terminates in a short, square banque behind; the sleeves have straps upon the shoulders and are very open and loose upon the back to disclose the under-sleeve.

A LITERARY AND ARTISTIC COMMENT.—To call the February Number of Demorest's Illustrated Monthly anything less than a literary wonder, especially in consideration of its being offered at 25 cents, would not do this elegant magazine full justice. We do not venture much in saying that no more entertaining or more valuable—not to say high-toned—literary magazine is now published.—N. Y. INTERVIEWER.

#### NEW SPRING ODS.

Nothing very novel has yet appeared in the way of Spring materials. Some very pretty Scotch patterns have been introduced in mixed fabrics and light colors, but they are never admired for Spring or Summer wear, and, besides, we have already been surfeited with plaid during the Winter.

Cheeks, however, are in demand, both for ladies and children's wear, and trim up very attractively with bright blue, green, or violet silk. But we advise our readers to be cautious of "mixed" checks; they are worth three or four times more, when composed of all silk or wool, than if mixed with cotton, or even made of silk and wool.

Alpaca is still in favor, especially in black and gray, for street dresses. It trims up elegantly with the new gimp braids worked with jet.

Tamiae cloth is an admirable material for this season, and is just beginning to work its way into popular favor. It is finer in appearance and not so glossy as alpaca, but soft, and readily falls into graceful folds. It generally comes in plain colors.

But the best material for Spring wear is English linsey-woolsey; the genuine article. It is unpretentious in appearance, but lady-like and very durable. It is admirably adapted for the gored street dresses which are so fashionable, and which are no longer objectionable, since they can be raised with an "Elevator." It would also compose most efficient and useful traveling suits.

Many ladies are having skirts and cloaks made of American water-proof cloth for Spring walking and traveling purposes; the cloak being what is called three-quarter length, and invariably made with a hood.

New Spring all wool delaines are among the neatest materials for house dresses, and are prettily trimmed with pinked out silk ruching, or flat band of taffetas, the color of the sprig or design, which is always small and delicate, and generally in contrast with the ground.

Now that prints have reached from forty to fifty cents per yard (for common American styles) they may also be mentioned among the fashionable materials. All the new Spring styles are in small figures and delicate colors; drab, buff, light tan and lilac predominating. Several of the new colors are finding their way into the prints, particularly the various shades of *mauve*, giving an appearance of novelty and really imparting some very good effects.

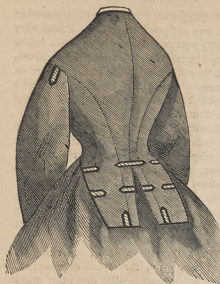
Prices have become so unsettled as to render it almost impossible to quote them, but they range very high. Temporary declines in gold have ceased to affect the retail or even the wholesale market, everybody being aware that such decline can only be temporary until peace is established.

#### MME. DEMOREST'S PERFUME SACHET.

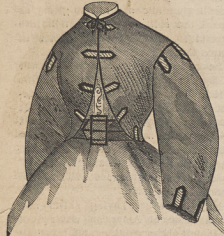
This delicious article, very neatly put up in satin paper, is sold at the low price of fifty cents per package, and will be sent by mail free of charge.

It is a charming addition to the contents of a work-bag, glove-box, writing-case, book-drawer, or bureau-drawer, imparting a delightful and lasting fragrance. Sweet as the living breath of the flowers, it is also agreeable to carry in the pocket or reticule, penetrating gloves and handkerchiefs with a fine and constant odor without stain or moisture.





EMPRESS JACKET.  
(BACK VIEW.)



EMPRESS JACKET.

A very handsome jacket for a walking suit, with wide belt which extends only from the sides, and lapped back; the trimming consists of straps of taffetas in a contrasting color, surrounded with a new flat braid, worked with jet or with black velvet half an inch wide; the sleeves are shaped to the arm and trimmed to match. We give a front and back view.



THE NEW PARISIAN BOOT.

Is made of kid, with front and border of patent leather-stitched with white. It is buttoned on the side and scalloped at the top, a method of finishing very becoming to a pretty foot and ankle.



BREAKFAST SLIPPER.

Of black velvet, lined and quilted, with trimming of black lace, and silk cord and tassels; the style of finishing is quite novel, and, together with the height of the heel, gives to the shoe a peculiarly distinguished appearance.



THE PRINCESSE CAPE.

This elegant cape is composed of spotted lace (white) cloth, with long sash ends of mauve silk fastened with diamond buttons, and upper and lower *revers*, or flounces of rich white blonde; a narrow ruching of silk, edged with blonde, surrounds the neck; the sash ends can be made longer or shorter, according to taste, and the color of the silk may also be varied; mauve, violet, or Mexican blue are, however, the prettiest.



THE VERSAILLES WALKING DRESS.

This elegant suit is made in a soft, self-colored material, and trimmed on the edge with cord in a contrasting color. The suit consists of skirt, scalloped on the bottom, an upper skirt, scalloped on the edge, which forms a *basque* extending high to the throat in front but only to the waist behind, and a jacket, also scalloped, which is cut away from the front and sharply off from the hips into long square lapels behind, over the upper skirt, the color may be green, lilac, gray, brown or cuir color; the buttons steel or jet; the cord either to match or contrasting according to taste; this suit will be charming in plain cambric for a more advanced season.



BODICE.

This very becoming style of bodice may be made in silk or velvet of any desired color, to agree or contrast with the dress; black, it will be remembered, is suitable with any dress; the trimming is lace and jet.



"COQUETTE" SLEEVE.

Suitable for a dress of gray poplin or Tussie cloth; the trimming, in this case, should consist of bands of blue silk, crossed with diamonds of narrow black velvet silk cord and tassels of gray and blue, mixed.

#### VELVET ORNAMENTS.

These ornaments, in sets of bracelet, breast-pin, ear-rings, necklace, coronet, girdle and buckle, or buckle without the girdle, are very fashionable in London and Paris, but are so costly, at present gold prices, as to have been very rarely seen in New York. We have seen a very rich set of purple velvet, starred with brilliants, worn with white corded silk, which were, however, so really distinguished and magnificent in their appearance as to produce quite a sensation in the midst of a number of costly toilettes, and we imagine they will still find a vogue, especially if they could be produced at less extravagant prices.

#### SPANISH PINS.

The passion for the large Spanish pins which are worn at the back of the hair, seems to have only just commenced. The later styles are by no means confined to balls, but exhibit the most curious and eccentric designs.

Double hoops, crescents with pendants attached, hunting-horns, knapsacks, and spurs held by small chains, are among some which we have seen.

The designs are all massive, like those of many other of the jeweled ornaments of the present day.



## SPRING FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

So long as there are children and indulgent mothers, there will be fashions, and changes in the fashion of their clothes.

It is a pity, however, that mothers do not in all cases consult health first, and fashion afterward, in the getting up of their children's wardrobes. There is a vast amount of room for improvement in this respect, and though much has been done during the past few years toward furnishing the proper kind and amount of clothing for protection and warmth, much still remains for the future to accomplish.

We still see delicate little girls shivering in low-necked party costume and kid slippers, who at other times are warmly dressed in woolen, and thick hemlock boots; and worse than all, have found no substitute for the infant's thin slips of nansook, its low waists, its short sleeves and its inordinately long trailing skirts. Common sense, and a more universal knowledge of the laws of health and growth, will remedy these evils some day, but in the meantime thinking women protest, and finally succumb, resorting to baby sacks in infinite variety as some sort of compromise with conscience.

One great good, at least, has been effected; the clothing for children, both for boys and girls, is now all made loose; we have no tight bands or bandages, no body corsets, no obstruction to full growth and natural development, so long as entire freedom is necessary.

But, to come down to particulars, a simple, yet very becoming suit for boys, is composed of a blouse or loose *paletot*, belted in over full knickerbocker trousers, which reach nearly to the top of the high boots, only leaving an inch of space, which discloses a rim of the bright colored stocking. Gray cloth is a good material for this suit, with belt of crimson leather, and stockings of crimson; or dark green cloth, with belt of black and crimson, and striped stockings; or blue cloth, with steel mounted belt, and stockings of French gray wool.

A pretty Spring suit for little girls is made of all wool black and white checks, in the form of a skirt and two round capes, one smaller than the other. Skirt and capes are trimmed with flat braid in any contrasting color, or with narrow bands of colored silk, stitched on with a sewing machine. The waist is a Garibaldi, made in all wool delaine, of the same color as the trimming.

Small checks, and plaid silks in delicate colors, are much used for "handsome" dresses for little girls, and are very pretty trimmed with ruffles of silk of a bright predominating color, and tied with wide notched-out sash of the same. The waists are sometimes cut low and square, with short, full, square caps, for sleeves, but often form simply a bodice, with a little band across the shoulder; in either case they are worn with a high-necked waist of clear muslin, neatly tucked away with long, full sleeves.

High gaiting boots are now made for little girls, finished with tassels at the top, which have the prettiest and most coquettish effect imaginable, though we doubt if the high heel is conducive to the proper and healthful growth of the foot.



THE "EVA" DRESS.

Dress of lilac silk, for a girl of five or six, with a low jacket body, cut out in small tulle, and skirt in larger ones to match; trimming consists of strips of plain tulle, in a darker shade, set on in the spaces and surrounded by a very narrow edge or quilting of green ribbon; the edges of skirt and jacket are bound with tulle, headed with green to match; the body is cut very low, and forms a simple strap across the shoulder; it is worn with a white tucked waist.



THE "FRANCINE."

This is a gown coat for a mile of seven to ten years; it is made of gray cloth, and trimmed with bands of red galloon, studded with jet buttons with gold centers; the bands extend down each seam, including the shoulder and side seams, back and front; the sleeves are loose at the wrist, and drawn up on the inside of the arm with a band of galloon; red belt with gilt clasp, and studded with buttons.



"FANCHON" DRESS.

For a little girl of three to five years; dress of gray all wool delaine, or French gray silk, trimmed with green and black ribbons, put on in reversed points, and edged down the sides with green silk fringe, headed with black ribbon of half the width; the low body is cut square; the short sleeves are made full and are trimmed like the body, with ribbons and fringe to match the skirt.



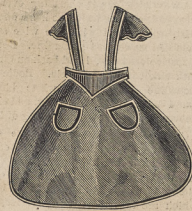
THE "LITTLE COQUETTE."

A charming little dress and jacket of pink all wool delaine or poplin; the skirt scalloped, and trimmed with double cord and tassels in green and brown silk; the jacket is very short and scalloped over a bodice, which is attached to the skirt, sleeves scalloped at the wrist and trimmed to match; the cords for trimming should be distinct, one green and the other brown, and not simply "mixed" in color.



CHILD'S DRESS.

The skirt is cut in vandykes on the edge, bound with brown velvet and a velvet diamond in each point; a square jacket with square yoke in the back, cut also in vandykes, and trimmed to match the skirt; the front of this dress is given in the colored plate.



"CECILIA" APRON.

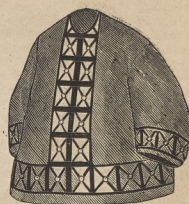
Apron for a little girl, small black and white checked silk, trimmed with a row each of narrow green and purple velvet; a bodice belt contains the straps across the shoulder, and rounded basque placed at the back; the straps hold a full epaulette in place of a sleeve, and the little girl's delight, a pocket, ornaments the skirt.

## OUR SELF TUCKING ATTACHMENT.

We have recently had some very essential improvements made in the Tucking Attachment for Sewing Machines. It is now fastened directly to the plate in a very simple manner and runs very easily; not liable to get out of order; are very easily understood.

Every lady having a Sewing Machine, and desiring to save time and trouble in tucking, will find this attachment just what she needs.

They are sent by express anywhere in the United States, accompanied with complete instructions, on receipt of the price at 473 Broadway

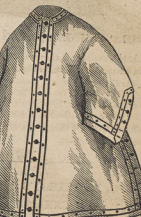
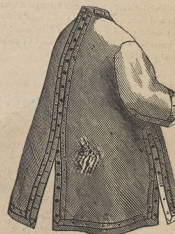


MISSES' WALKING COAT.



THE "LIMIE" DRESS.

Skirt of green wool delaine, attached to a bodice and worn with a jacket which just reaches to the waist, and has long sleeves shaped to the arm; the trimming is composed of a border of brown silk, upon which narrow black velvet forms a design same as the walking coat; jet buttons.



THE "MAUD."

A loose paletot of black velvet for a child of five; the trimming consists of chain-stitching with white silk, and small steel buttons, and extends down the back, as well as up the sides of the coat, as may be seen by the back view; the sleeves are square and loose at the wrist, shaped over the elbow and open on the back, but closed with buttons and button-holes, as are also the openings at the side.





FRENCH BLOUSE.

For a little boy of three years; it is very pretty made in corn-colored cashmere, trimmed with purple braid, or in blue, trimmed with black or steel color; a wide leather belt, pointed in front and back, confines the waist.



THE ALPHONSE.

Boy's sack, of corn-colored poplin, cut on the bias, the front in two pieces and fastened across from the shoulder; the trimming is formed of two rows of violet velvet, set about three inches apart; in the space between is a twig or branch pattern of very narrow violet velvet; the coat is fastened with velvet buttons and tags, and has a girdle round the waist; small collar; small open sleeve trimmed like the skirt, and with a little shoulder-knot of twisted silk cord and small tassels.



THE "KINDERGARTEN" COAT.

Double-breasted coat of gray cloth, for a boy of five years, trimmed with flat, dark-green braid and steel buttons; the coat is gown, ornamented in brigadier style, and confined at the waist by a belt, which buttons over at the back, leaving the ends loose; ornamented straps upon the shoulder, a little turn-down collar, and sleeves shaped to the arm, complete this pretty little garment.

#### MME. DEMOREST'S "CURLING CREAM."

This new and admirable preparation for dressing the hair, cleanses, softens and inclines it to curl, and is, besides, invaluable for keeping the hair in place; it is an unrivaled toilet preparation for promoting the growth and beauty of the hair.

Ladies using it find that it supplies the place of all other articles used in dressing the hair, and possesses some advantageous qualities not to be found in any of them. It is put up in boxes at 50¢ cents per box and sent by mail, post-free, on receipt of price, by addressing Mme. Demorest, 425 Broadway.

#### TOILETTES FOR MARCH.

STREET dress of wine-colored reps trimmed with black jet gimp, put on in a design round the bottom of the skirt, precisely like that of a common garden fence; a gimp of the same kind, double the width, raises the dress at the sides, and terminates in a fringe, which last touches the trimming round the bottom of the skirt. Jacket body with basque front ornamented with bands of narrow gimp on the sides, to match the sides of the skirt, and lappels at the back; straight sleeves with military cuffs, and trimming top and bottom of gimp and fringe.

Princess robe of a rich Havana poplin, gored with a bodice, and trimmed upon the skirt with seven rows of heavy cable silk cord, which placed an inch apart round the bottom of the skirt, are all brought up high on the left side, and finished with a cluster of bows and heavy tassels. A jacket, with lappels *en revers*, is worn over the bodice, and is cut away in front from a delicately tucked and embroidered under skirt. The sleeves are just sufficiently loose at the hand to show the cambray cuffs of the under-sleeves, with their dainty studs, and are trimmed, as is the jacket, with several rows of cord, the design forming appals on the top of the sleeves. The *revers* are lined with white satin, edged with thick cord, the color of which should match exactly with that of the dress.

Half evening dress, or dress for a small party, of lilac silk checked with white; skirt trimmed with bands of lilac silk, put on in points, and stitched with white silk in the Grover & Baker stitch. Very low body, with a lace chemisette inserted in front, and an *empress fichu* crossing below the chemisette and terminating in round rounded ends. A border of lilac taffetas stitched on to match the skirt, and edged with white lace, compose the trimming of the *fichu*.

A very simple, yet charming evening dress of fine white tulle lace has a double skirt, ornamented with five wide bands of rose-colored grenadine. Bodice of rose-colored silk, laced back and front with silk cord and tassels. Bodice of grenadine edged with white blonde round the top of the low body, and short sleeves, spread out upon a puffing of lace.

Carriage dress of heavy amure silk, trimmed with bright blue satin, edged with narrow black guipure lace. The skirt is very wide and long, but quite plain. The body has lappels at the back, which are turned back *en revers*, the *revers* lined with blue satin edged with lace. The sleeves have caps and cuffs split in the center, and turned back to match the lappels, disclosing the lining of blue satin, edged also with narrow black lace. A wide belt is worn over the lappels of the body, held by immense buckles front and back.

#### "DIAMOND" NEEDLES.

The testimony of ladies who use them is all in favor of our diamond needles, which are really superior to any other of which we have any knowledge. We use them constantly in every department of our large establishment, and find that they save more than half the cost of others, from their excellent quality, and the neatness and security with which they are put up in the paper.

Several correspondents write that it is their experience also, and that they have never taken so much "comfort" in the use of needles.

#### SPRING COAKS.

It is only in the Almanac that March is set down as a Spring month. Everywhere else it is practically considered Winter; as much Winter as February, and needing just the same amount of warm, comfortable wrapping.

Still, people because the Almanac holds its place beside the old family Bible, we have a certain respect for its authority, and when it announces March as the first Spring month we accept it without question, and hopefully anticipate, during its cold, stormy reign, those evidences of the "breaking up" of the Winter season which rarely make their appearance until the "black" month has taken its departure.

Under such circumstances the discussion of Spring coats must seem rather premature, and it will not be surprising that, at present, there is not much to be said upon the subject. That they will be short, much shorter than for several years previous, is undoubted.

It is also pretty well understood, that for *neglige*, and for suits, the round cloak will be adopted, quite short and made invariably with a hood. For more dress occasions, the *paletot*, fitted to the figure and profusely trimmed with rich gimpes, will be adopted.

Double capes will also be worn, and short cloaks and capes made of cashmere and embroidered with the Grover & Baker Machine. These latter, by the way, are among the most novel and elegant garments for young ladies.

The embroilery stitch executed by the Grover & Baker machine is becoming very fashionable abroad. It is employed upon under-skirts, upon morning dresses, upon cloaks, and largely upon children's garments. It promises to excite a *furor* which may react upon our imitative dames in this country. It is undoubtedly very beautiful and effective, but is seen to best advantage in silk or on wool, and is, therefore, better adapted for a coat than for a warm season. It is particularly admired in white upon blue, scarlet or black, and has been introduced in lace designs upon black velvet jackets with charming results.

Short round cloaks and double capes will be largely made for Spring walking and traveling suits. The best material is Scotch or English line-woolsey, or black and white check. The trimming should consist of a narrow quilling or band of taffetas, placed round the bottom of the skirt and upon the edge of the coat or capes. The cloak should have a hood lined with taffetas and finished with cord and tassels to match the trimming. The double capes require no hood. Rich cord festooning the shoulders and hanging down the back in pendant tassels are a very fashionable decoration for cloaks of all kinds.

#### "ILLUSTRATED" ALBUM.

This premium requires only two subscribers and constitutes one of the prettiest and most elegant presents for a lady, a young lady especially, which she can possibly receive. It is neatly and beautifully illustrated with steel engravings, on tinted, gilt-edged paper, bound in gilt and morocco, and is altogether one of the most tasteful premiums we have ever been able to offer for so small a sum.

#### DESCRIPTION OF PLATE.

FIG. 1.—Walking costume of French gray poplin, with skirt; basque, and lappels jacket, scalloped upon the edge and trimmed with thick magenta girdle cord; the basque closes up the front with large buttons; the jacket is cut away sharply from the hips and terminates in a square lappels behind—head-dress of lace. This costume, with the addition of a bonnet of gray straw, is suitable for traveling as well as later in the season.

FIG. 2.—Skirt of rich black silk over a robe of water green taffetas; trimming of black velvet edged with black guipure lace; the square vest is of green taffetas fastened with jet buttons; the jacket is of black silk, trimmed with velvet and terminates in lappels behind; narrow, standing frill of valenciennes lace at the throat.

FIG. 3.—Suit consisting of skirt and coat of heavy purple *gros grains*; the coat is open half way up the back, and ornamented with a rich embroilery in purple silk, and jet and purple chenille fringe; pockets, sleeves, collar and *revers* are ornamented to match; a white corded silk vest, with side pockets and lace ruffled chemisette with lappets, are worn with this coat.

FIG. 4.—Robe of fine, Tucker brown poplin, gored, each seam finished with girdle cord, and the upper part of the skirt trimmed with heavy chenille fringe to represent an upper skirt; upon the lower part of the skirt are bands of gimp worked with jet and fastened with jet buttons; heading of silk, and the materials which are put in sections; the body is cut in *revers* with one slender lappel behind, and the sleeves are shaped to the arm and trimmed with bands of gimp and buttons.

#### MME. DEMOREST'S "ROSEATE" AND "LILY BLOOM."

It has long been a desideratum to find an article which would improve the complexion, subduing its redness, or adding a tint of beauty to the too pale cheek, without obstructing the natural action of the skin or injuring its texture.

The majority of the compounds or preparations known as cosmetics, are either positively injurious, or exert no effect whatever, and have given the odor of a vile preparation to the entire class of skin preparations. There are, however, natural elements, chemical and vegetable, whose influence is cleansing, purifying and brightening to the skin, and they will be found in the new preparations of the "Roseate" and "Lily Bloom," which we offer with confidence to our lady readers as beautifying in their effects and perfectly innocuous.

The "Lily Bloom" removes redness and roughness from the skin; the "Roseate Bloom" imparts a gentle and beautiful flush of color to the cheek naturally pale or rendered so by illness.

Both these preparations are put up in boxes at 40¢ cents each, and sent by mail, post-free, on receipt of price.

#### BRAID AND EMBROIDERY STAMPS.

Those furnished on the present sheet of Braid and Embroidery are:

No. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12, 15, 16, 17, 23, at 25 cents each.

No. 10, 13, 18, 20, 22, at 37 cents each.

No. 1, 2, 3, 14, at 50 cents each.

No. 11, 19, 21, at 75 cents each.

No. 3, at \$1.00 each.

Full sets of one dozen are furnished at \$4.00.



# DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY

## THE SAILOR'S WEDDING.

BY THEODORE TILTON.



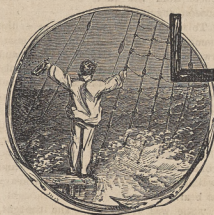
**L**OITERING ship!" a sailor cried,  
"Now speed me home, to wed my bride!"  
The ship, through flying spray,  
Went bounding on her way.



**M**IDNIGHT bells! my watch is  
done;  
O happy morrow! haste thy sun."  
Then down he lay, and slept,  
And in his dream he wept.



**H**E dreamed that suddenly the waves  
Stood fixed and green, like church-  
yard graves,  
And then a mournful bell  
Rang out a funeral-knell.



**L**AND ho!" the deck-watch called,  
with cheers.  
The sleeper awakened from his tears;  
"O day of joy!" he said,  
"This night shall I be wed."



**W**ITH eager feet he leaped ashore,  
And stood at Mary's cottage-door;  
The bride—in white all dressed—  
Was in her grave, at rest!

## RUTH DEXTER'S BETTER DAYS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.



CHAPTER I.

**T**HIS is the only  
vacant room in  
the house,  
ma'am," said the  
porter, throwing wide the door.  
She walked in—this lady of whom my  
story is chiefly to tell—and looked about

her, with some feeling gathering in her  
eyes, which lay too strong and deep for  
tears, but which to one with perceptions  
and sympathies keen enough to compre-  
hend it would have expressed some utter  
down-sinking of heart and soul; a sort  
of bewilderment, weariness, home-sick-  
ness, which once taken into your thought  
would not easily be shaken out of it.

The horizon which narrowed itself to  
that little fourth-story hall chamber cer-  
tainly held nothing attractive. The carpet  
a good deal faded, the soiled walls, the  
few pieces of chamber furniture, dingy  
and of the commonest sort, presented a  
picture dreary enough to one who was  
keenly sensitive to outward surroundings  
and circumstances. She was just now in  
that susceptible mood when one is most  
deeply affected by these things. She had  
in her springs of courage and strength,  
which, at some other time, would, in a



degree at least, have triumphed over anything that was neither permanent nor vital.

But she was chilled, tired, bewildered now. Physical and mental depression wrought their natural moral of results. A swift impulse seized her to hurry out of the room and the house, but where could she go? She was a woman, alone, unprotected, homeless; and within this narrow square of wall was shelter, security; and outside was the great breathing city that stood up, in her thought vast, vague and terrible.

"How much is the room, including board and lights?" she asked, sending her glance around the apartment, and drawing it back with a little swift shudder. There were no provisions for a fire, although the year leaned close to December.

"Five dollars a week, ma'am. It's the cheapest room which we have in the house."

The Celtic tones and physiognomy both indicated a slight shade of impatience. It evidently would not pay to expend any great degree of politeness on a customer of this sort. Women, too, would always bliggle about prices. It was a ruling instinct of theirs.

This one, however, did not, although the sum nearly absorbed her salary.

"Very well, I will take it," she said in a hopeless kind of voice, one that would not burden itself with any words beyond those which were absolutely necessary for the bargain. "I shall be here with my baggage to-morrow morning."

As she descended the last flight of stairs, a door on the right was suddenly opened and a tide of warmth and light flowed out.

The glimpse which she involuntarily darted into the room disclosed to her the details of the warm, luxurious picture. The landscapes in a living glow of beauty on the walls. The carpet that looked like a bed of dark green mosses, along which trailed some red, mottled vine like a creeping flame, and the furniture to suit this dark, rich, and plain.

Such a home-look—such a look of comfort and elegance as that parlor had. It seemed to the wistful eyes of this girl, at that moment, to brim over with an atmosphere of beauty, and peace, and repose. She saw the group around the table; the two gentlemen—one with his book, and a boy, with a mesh of yellow curls, on his knee. The other opening his paper, and a lady in some dress of dark, bright wool, with soft laces at her throat and hands, setting some little painting—doubtless a bit of color and bloom in a pretty frame of carved wood.

She thought—this woman with the girl's face still, although her years reached far up their twenties—of her own small, dingy little room at the top of the house, and the contrast made it seem colder and drearier than ever.

The difference that there is in human lots struck her with a cruel force just then.

"What did it mean?" she asked herself going down the stairs, and out at the front door, where the street lamp had been lighted for a half hour. "What did it mean that those people in there should be wrapped about in that atmosphere of grace, comfort and luxury, that no fear should chill their lives, no sorrow should lie in wait at the gates of their souls, no anxiety, nor need, nor poverty should haunt their days and nights, while she—

lived peculiarly by nature and culture to affiliate with all these things—she, to whom coarseness and hardness of any sort must ever be essentially repugnant, was left to struggle single-handed with life with what courage and strength she could; she, a woman, frail, lonely, desolate; her life rose up and confronted her, then limited, defeated on every side—all its finest and sweetest possibilities denied development and growth. Her woman's heart cried out just then from the sweet shelter and rest of a home, for the unutterable blessings of tender care and watchful love.

Why was anxiety, toll, loneliness to be always her fate, darkening all through those future years, up and down which the road of her life wound with no light nor bloom.

No birds singing by the wayside. She went along swiftly, carrying these thoughts in her heart, while above her the sky was one gray blue of cloud, with no glimmer of the stars nor glory of the moon. A kind of vague chilliness was in the air, with intervals of bitter, sharp gusts from the east, which at that season, suggested snow.

This girl's name was Ruth — the name which carries with it ever some sweet, wholesome savor of tradition, and association with a sacredness and beauty which gathered like summer dews around it. In our childhood, when this name expressed to us whatsoever is pure, lovely and loyal in womanhood. This girl, Ruth Dexter, christened for her grandmother, looking out on her life and finding no comfort nor promise, felt its burden and weight sink down on her soul too heavy to bear.

"She was young yet," she thought, with a kind of dreary smile, and it might be years and years before she end should come.

"Oh Lord, how long must I live?" she murmured. And then, checking herself with the remembrance that this was one of those prayers to which there could follow no answer, a sudden light broke into the darkness of Ruth Dexter's thought, and with that light those blessed words entered into her soul which have been the comfort and deliverance of so many souls in the stress of their need and helplessness; words that enter into the secret place of their sorrow and loneliness.

"Thou art the Father of the fatherless, the Lord of the air have nests, the son of man hath not where to lay his head."

He, then, the Lord of all, knew, out of his own experience, the depth of her desolation, knew all her loneliness and need in that one only in which we can fully enter into another's sorrow.

Never before that moment had Ruth Dexter entered far down into all these things. Into the need and anguish of that Life that once walked with men. He had sounded a loneliness and need far beyond hers, and in those words of His, all the desolate and forsaken of men and women might find a safe anchorage for their souls.

And she remembered then, with sad, dew tears of gratitude and gladness brimming her eyes, that beyond those clouds, beyond the stars, too, and the hidden moon, shone, unquenched and eternal, the covenant of His love and mercy.

It was over her, through whatever darkness her way might lead, through whatever storms she might encounter. She would find it at the end of the blindest faithful. He would not deny himself.

She went at now a little faster than before through the busy streets, along which, just on that hour, poured strongly the great human currents; she went on to the lodgings that she had taken when she first came to the city, a figure of hardly medium size, in a dark brown traveling dress, such as hundreds of women wear, and that somehow takes its style and individuality from its wear.

I think, at the first glance, any observer of tolerable keenness would have taken Ruth Dexter for a lady in the finest sense of that term. Something in her gait, in her movement, in her very presence, justified her claim to this title. She was not beautiful nor pretty to any one who used the latter adjective discriminatively. The best that was in her face grew on by acquaintance, or in sudden disclosures and suggestions; yet it was, at first sight, a face with delicate curves and strong, clear, fine outlines, with usually a faint color in the cheeks, and a mouth, not small, certainly, but that always made her lips a curved line of glowing scarlet.

She had brown eyes with swift changes of color in them, and of meanings also; eyes which held, usually when at rest, the wistful, earnest gaze of some child, and fine abundant hair of the very blackest shade of brown.

I shall relate her history in a few sentences as possible, my story having to do rather with her future than her past.

#### CHAPTER II.

Among the dews, in the sunshine, the life of this girl had opened. Her father was a physician in the old slumberous county town of Brookside. A large-brained, jovial, somewhat indolent and lymphatic man, who took the world on its pleasantest and easiest side, giving himself no care for his future, passing the greater part of his life among his books and in his gig, proud of his wife and doctoringly fond of his children, of whom he had two, a boy and Ruth.

Mrs. Dexter had been to her husband in person and temperament as could be easily imagined, yet they affiliated wonderfully.

A fine, sweet nature, swift of thought and impulse, small in person but swift and light in movement, of deeper thought and keener penetration than most of her sex. Mrs. Dexter had been quick to Ruth whatsoever was finest and noblest in her character.

In some respects the boy, Prescott, resembled his father, in others not at all. In his love of ease and relish of humor, the two had a close affinity, but Prescott was full of all sorts of swift, rash impulses, fond of adventure, of roving tastes and social instincts, which, unless well disciplined, were likely to become the milking ways of his life.

He was an unusually bright, attractive boy, a favorite with everybody, young and old, affectionate, generous, loyal, but for all that, with tendencies which required careful and judicious direction in the formative period of his life, and giving his staidness, lymphatic, indulgent father far less uneasiness than he did the gentle mother who had been an invalid from his birth.

He was three years Ruth's senior. The brother and the sister were extremely fond of each other, and the morning of their childhood and youth was singularly free from clouds or storm.

Ruth was fifteen when her mother died.

It seemed as though that was the beginning of troubles. Her father was never the same man after it. He was beguiled into some speculations which wrecked his small fortune, and the loss of this brought on an attack of paralysis from which mind and body never recuperated, although the old physician lingered for several years a mere wreck of his former healthy, jovial self.

At the time of the Doctor's death the entire property had disappeared. Ruth had insisted on the fulfillment of the darling wish of her mother's heart, and by the exercise of an economy which her brother little suspected the young man had been sustained at college.

The day on which her graduation he was summoned home to bury the dead, he and he did not learn until after the funeral that he and his sister were reduced to actual penury. This knowledge stirred all the latent forces of his young nature. He at once renounced his purpose of entering on a course of professional studies, and left his orphan sister, whose grief and helplessness he supposed to all that was noblest and manliest in his nature, and went to the city to seek his fortune.

He wrote to Ruth letters full of hope and courage when his prospects were gloomiest and every avenue to business of any sort seemed closed. But at last these brightened. An uncle of one of his classmates, a veteran merchant, became interested in the young man and took him into his office as book-keeper, with a comfortable salary and a prospect of advancement.

How the letters brimmed over with hope and courage to the young girl, who sat in her loneliness and grief by the fire-side, and how they helped to give to youth's strong life and high resolves. She read them over with such trusting faith, poor little Ruth Dexter, and, after a woman's fashion of faith and loyalty, believed in every word of them only less than she did in her Bible.

What pictures of success drew of her to the city, and how she yearned to go to live with her father, to have together one of these days, when she should come to the city, and how she looked up her mount of visions and saw it shining down upon her through the years—the very few years which lay between.

How she leaned her pride and her love on his brother, and how the thought of him revived youth and hope within her while the summer grasses were thickening on those two graves in which she thought they were buried.

Prescott Dexter had, as I said, a sensuous, impressive nature, which was his greatest temptation and danger. Possessing abilities of no ordinary character, throwing himself with all his energies of will into whatever work, whether study or business, which he took upon himself to do, he was likely to succeed in any undertaking.

But that flexible, social temperament proved his bane. He was in a position which threw him much among men, and some of these men were bad ones, not less so because they were men of intellectual power, of force and influence.

The young book-keeper was beguiled into joining one of the fashionable clubs, and this, with the expenses which it involved, and the time it exhausted, and the dissipations it suggested, proved his ruin.

It is no new story. His expenses exceeded his salary, the men with whom he



was thrown lacked moral standing, and a dense, worldly, luxurious atmosphere enveloped the young man and clouded his preceptions of right.

Life suppers and costly wines and expenses all had their share in the wrong which was wrought. Prescott Dexter fell into debt and could not see his way out of it. Every month added to the amount, for, alas! every month added to the list of his extravagances, and little Ruth, dwelling in the old home at Brookside, where her brother still maintained her with a single servant, was busy among her books and schemes of coming to the city as soon as Prescott's salary should be advanced once more, never dreaming of the storm that was gathering in the east, and levelling all the devotion of a nature, gifted with a singular power and tenacity of loving, on the brother who made her brief visits every season, and whose promises grew more prodigal as the prospect of their fulfillment grew less.

For the state of his affairs grew worse, and to drown the thought of them Prescott Dexter drank to intoxication, and at last this became apparent. He neglected his business, and insulted the old merchant, to whose kindness he owed so much, when he attempted to remonstrate with him.

Matters could not, of course, go on always in this way. His employer, who had taken a strong fancy to his nephew's classmate from the beginning, at length found his patience worn out, and dismissed him from the house which he had entered four years previously with such flattering prospects of promotion.

Mortification and remorse struck the young man almost to madness, while his principal creditor, hard, keen, and merciless, goaded him almost to madness.

In the midst of all this came a letter from Ruth, inclosing a list of his expenses, which, to his honor be it told, he had always faithfully defrayed. These were not large; the little girl at home exercised an economy in all domestic and personal expenses, which, under the circumstances, was almost heroic, but Prescott was worse than penitence now, and one wrong led straight to another: he was a coward, and for the next two days he drowned his anguish in utter intoxication.

There was one spring down deep in the soul of Prescott Dexter, whose waters beat up sweet and pure, and poured thin, cool, fresh currents through his nature, and that was, his love for his sister.

That young, sweet face of hers seemed to follow and haunt him, with its dumb, yearning anguish, through the nightmares of those days which followed his dismissal from the office, and was all that he could ever remember, when, in after years, he shudderingly recalled that time. At last having drunken deeper than ever on the third day, he was tempted of the devil.

It would, perhaps, be no palliation of his crime in a court of human justice. I think, perhaps, it would be in the sight of God and His angels, that this man had no clear perception of what he was about—that, after it was all over, he could not recall the faintest circumstance connected with the whole transaction, save one wild, exultant emotion, which swept through his soul as he stood in the bank and thought that he was now free from the creditor who had worried and harassed him so long, and that Ruth, little Ruth, would have the money at last!

He had frequently transacted business at the bank for the house in which he was employed, having been implicitly trusted on all sides, and as his dismissal was not made public it was a very simple matter to obtain the bank book of the firm and subtract from it a thousand dollars. The money was all disposed of before night, part of it being placed in the creditor's hands and the remainder given to Ruth.

Less than three days later, however, the guilt of Prescott Dexter was discovered. Had he remained in the city another hour he would have been arrested, but he managed to make his escape, having learned of the development of his crime.

The blow fell suddenly on Ruth—a blow whose prostrating humiliation and anguish reached horizons beyond any words that should attempt to describe it.

Of a fine, sensitive, high-spirited nature, with a ruling instinct of honor which controlled her whole speech and action, and with her very soul bound up in the brother whom she regarded as the type of truthfulness, manliness and honor, I can only say of this blow which fell into the youth of Ruth Dexter, that it did not kill her. She wished it might in those first days of bewilderment and misery, when her father's and mother's death seemed such a very small thing beside this grief, greater a thousand fold. Prescott had written a brief letter just before his flight, that was harassing in its remorse and despair. He entreated his sister to forget him, to live a wretch ever lived; and yet there was a touching pathos in the very next line, when he told her that it was partly love for her which had impelled him to the commission of this act.

One thing, at least, was evident, that Prescott Dexter was at last awakened to a sense of the wrong he had done and its fearful consequences, and in this remorse, that, for the time, overwhelmed his soul, might perhaps take root a true and lasting repentance.

When Ruth's faculties at last reacted from that deadly blow and she came once more to think and act, one purpose took mighty possession of the girl's soul, and that was, to pay back every dollar of the money which her brother had stolen.

So long as she was the sister of a thief, for it was a necessity of this girl's simple, truthful nature that she must call things by their right names, she could have no pretty, sophistical disguises of facts, she walked to herself, at least, insulated with a shadow of disgrace, and a taint clung almost to her garments.

One hour had made a woman of her—a heart-broken one—although her life hung still among its early twenties, but, perhaps, it was well for her, at this time, that one purpose took supreme possession of and dominated her whole life, was its impelling action, and thus prevented her from sitting, refusing to be comforted, among the sack-cloth and ashes of her griefs and losses.

This purpose gave Ruth Dexter still something to live for and to do, and she concentrated every faculty on its achievement.

The old homestead had, of course, to be given up, but one grief had, in some sense, benumbed her, and the breaking up of all the old associations of her life cost her fewer pangs than she would once have deemed possible.

She had been studious all her life, and it was natural that her first plans for a livelihood should take the direction of teaching.

A female academy was just now in process of opening its first term at Brookside. Ruth obtained a situation here as assistant principal. The salary did not admit of her laying aside more than a hundred dollars annually with the exercise of the most rigid economy. The road up the years looked long and hard before those young feet should attain the daring object of her soul, but Ruth set about it and toiled faithfully three years. Then, of a sudden, there came a change.

A childless old man—a pat'ent of her father's—lay very ill, and as this happened to fall in her vacation, Ruth watched and waited on him, more or less, for several days.

She had been a favorite with the old man from the time when her father used to take her in the gig on his round of professional visits, and the farmer was now extremely fond of watching the sweet face at his bedside, or the small, swift form as it moved lightly about his chamber.

Certainly, Ruth never looked for any reward to these labors. The old man was far from rich, although he had means sufficient to support him to the end of the life that was burning very low, as everybody, even Ruth, could see.

One day the sick man had been watching her, for an hour it might be, in silence, as she sat reading by his bedside and fanning him, and there was a look in the dim, gray eyes of pity and yearning which somehow brought the tears into hers.

Was he thinking of Prescott? Ruth wondered. People seldom spoke of him in her hearing now, but everybody knew that something had gone wrong with him. At last the old farmer reached out his large hand, seamed all over with dead-blue veins and that shivered with the movement, and laid it on her bright hair. "Little girl," he said, "what is it that you would most like to have in the world?"

It did not take her long to think, because the want had been uppermost in her mind for years.

"I think that a thousand dollars would make me happier than anything in this world."

Her voice crept along the last half of the sentence in an undertone, with some unutterable pathos and longing, for she was speaking now more to herself than to her auditor. But the sick man heard it all.

"Think well now, my little girl," with the shaking hand clinging to her hair, for, in his eyes, she was no older than in the days when she used to stand at her father's knee in that same old chamber with its low ceilings and heavy draperies.

"Would a thousand dollars make you happier than anything else in the world?" "There is no need to think," answered Ruth, with a strange fervor in eyes and voice. "A thousand dollars—oh God in heaven only knows what it would be to me."

Ruth thought the old man's question went no deeper than the idle curiosity of an invalid whose mind illness had weakened.

And the old man looked at her with some thought in his eyes, which she did not penetrate, and a smile growing on his pale lips, and, at last, he turned over on his pillow and Ruth saw that he slept.

But that night he sent for his lawyer and had an interview with him, and two days later the old man died and was buried.

But when his will was opened it was found that he had bequeathed to Ruth Dexter the sum of one thousand dollars.

It was well, in more senses than one, that the body man's bequest came as it did, for the body and soul of Ruth Dexter were beginning to revenge themselves for the long, wearing anxiety and toil they had borne, and it was not likely that even her will and energies could have carried her through another term of her arduous teaching.

This girl thanked God daily and hourly in her heart; it seemed to her, when the great bewilderment of amazement and joy was over, at the unexpected bequest, that God must have sent his angel to put it in that dying man's soul.

And so, her teaching over, she had come to the city to find the man whom her brother had robbed and whose kindness he had so shamefully wronged, and to render back to him that which was his own.

She was alone and quite friendless in the city, but she found lodgings, and, as she had not the old merchant's address, it was days before she obtained a clue to it, and learned then, to her great dismay, that he had been abroad for a year and was not expected home for some months.

She had no means of subsistence, but she answered an advertisement for a lady copyist which she came across in some daily paper, obtained the situation on a salary that could, at least, keep soul and body together, secured something which must pass by the name of home—the best her means allowed—and sat down to her work and to waiting for the return of the man from Europe, and for that blessed hour when she could stand face to face with him and feel that her brother was no longer a criminal.

In all these years she had heard no tidings of Prescott Dexter, for the silence behind the lining was deep as that of the father's and mother's graves.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## STARRY WAVES.

Straw wove, starry waves  
Dancing on the sea,  
Brightly come, dainty fade,  
Die in melody:  
The moonbeams gently fall  
Upon the dressing-flowers  
Of fragrant forest trees,  
And blooming myrtle hedges;  
Weave them, the kindly of song,  
I gaze upon the sea,  
Whose silver-crested waves  
Are beautiful to me.

Nightingale, Nightingale  
Chanting in the grove,  
Cease awhile, bird of song,  
To my love;  
He strikes his joyous harp  
On yonder rosy isle,  
And all its thrilling tones,  
The blossoms seem to swell  
My heart with rapture wild,  
Is throbbing by the sea,  
Ye dancing, starry waves,  
Oh, hear my love to me



## MR. DANA'S SLAVES.

BY A SOUTHERNER.



h dear me! how very provoking it is; I do wonder what Maria means to keep me waiting so long; seven o'clock and she has not yet made her appearance. It is the last party she shall attend if her disposition is to interfere with her duties. Well! I will dress myself this morning; it will be the forerunner of the delightful state of affairs we will have if the dark prophecies of some of our neighbors prove true. These insufferable Yankees; why could they not attend to their own affairs and let southern gentlemen alone? I wonder if there is one single gentleman among them? I presume not." Kate Dana, our fair soliloquist, stood before her dressing glass. A mass of silk hair wandered down her neck and coyly kissed the azure girdle with which she had just encircled her waist. "Theror it's very tedious dressing one's self. Dear me! how unkindling I am," exclaimed she, as her hands flattered like mated birds through spring-robed shrubbery, bobbed into and out of her streaming hair, turning the long soft coils into massive braids. "I really must become more of an adept in the art of hair-dressing before the Yankees take all of the negroes." Here the beauty smiled incredulously. "If Maria had given my hair such a pull I should have attributed it to carelessness and given her scolding; but we are all fallible." This indisputable fact, the young girl must have considered at least a great palliation for her unjust petulance to her maid, for a smile, hovering like an enamored butterfly over the heart of a rose, chased from her lips the slightly condemnatory expression which had for a moment rested there, and placing a sprig of stately jessamine in the glossy braid which she had just completed she turned and descended the stairs.

"Why, papa, what can be the matter?" She addressed a gentleman of middle age who walked the floor with a perturbed countenance. "You look as if you had been borrowing from grief. Have the soldiers burnt your cotton to keep it from the Yankees; or worse calamity still, have you been honored by a visit from the despicable creatures?" "Neither, my child, I have a more serious cause of complaint than either of those; the negroes have run away." "The negroes gone?" exclaimed the dismayed girl. "Oh! papa, is this really true?" "Yes, child, not one left, old or young; all gone." This "all gone" was uttered in a sort of "never more" monotony as Mr. Dana resumed his dolorous promenade across the floor. "Father, perhaps you could overtake them. I presume they have gone to Fort Pillow."

"No, my child, they've had a night's start of us; it would be impossible. We

must look the stern reality in the face and endeavor to be reconciled."

"Ungateful creatures! Does mamma know it?" "Yes, your poor mother is in the kitchen, trying to cook breakfast. Go in and help her, child."

"I would like to you to get them back, if only for a short time, papa, so that you might give the instigators of this unparalleled piece of impudence what they so richly deserve, a good whipping."

Don't start, reader, nor pronounce my heroine devoid of refinement. I must beg of you, in forming your estimate of her character, to let charity overshadow your natural abhorrence, and persuade you to give an open ear to what I shall urge in extenuation. The whole life of Kate Dana had been passed in the midst of slavery, and consequently she was thoroughly indoctrinated in the faith of her father. A single doubt as to the right of the institution had never crossed her mind. She could hardly conceive of a different state of affairs. It is true that the instances of flagrant cruelty which had fallen under her observation her sympathizing heart had invariably condemned, but all had been unresponsive of the truth that anything, the tendency of which is to result in injury and abuse, must be wrong. Her condemnation was confined to the perpetrators of the cruelty, not to the institution which allowed it. She had been taught that when a slave disobeyed his master he must be whipped, of course. When Maria, her especial maid, offended her, she considered it nothing but right that she should give vent to her indignation by applying to the offender's cheeks a series of decidedly unmerciful manipulations. Comedy she had been unacquainted with slavery until maturity, her natural kindness of heart would have characterized things, which now seemed to her quite right, as revolting disgusting. That bad association always exerts a contaminating influence, is a fact to which the fewest number of individuals could give a semblance of refutation by remaining in the midst of vice apparently uninfected.

"Mr. Dana."

"Well, Hughes, what is it?" "If you think it worth while I'll go over to Mr. Lucy's and borrow his dogs and go after those negroes."

"No, Hughes, I don't believe you could catch them. It would have been a different thing before the war, when they would have had no doubt caught. It was a matter of inconvenience only, then, to hunt them from their hiding-places, and bring them back; now it is one of impossibility. No more dodging in the woods now; their human friends, the Yankees, will shelter them, meddlesome rabble!" As he gave utterance to this amiable feeling he followed his daughter into the kitchen, where she and her mother were busy with preparations for breakfast.

"Oh! dear me, mamma, I'm afraid I shall never get those biscuits of uniform size. I can't imagine how Susan did it so neatly and so expeditiously. It is long past our breakfast hour. Ha! what noise is that?"

"Oh! papa, just go out yonder and see how the Yankees are getting it. They met our soldiers upon the hill there, and I tell you they are in a bad box." The new comers were John Dana, a lad of twelve. Mr. Dana rushed out immediately on hearing the thrilling intelligence.

"How do you know our soldiers are whipping, John?"

"Oh! sister, you know pa says one Southerner can whip three Yankees."

The preparations for breakfast were suspended, and Kate and her mother stood aghast with apprehension. Through the window could be seen the opposing lines. The noise of musketry was painfully audible, and as the battle raged more fierce, as the battle fever rose higher and higher in the hearts of the brave, the din became louder and more prolonged. Pale and trembling, the two women watched the hot conflict.

"Oh! our soldiers charge, God be with them!" Kate Dana sank to the floor and covered her face with her hands as a thousand polished bayonets rushed through the fresh sunlight, sending back a thousand gleams of brightness. "Thank God! my child, the Yankees retreat. That was a gallant charge. The chivalrous knights of old could not have excelled it, and there is quite a disparity in numbers. Oh! heaven, that it should have come to this, fighting right in our midst. But see! Kate, a squad of men are coming this way. My child, they bear a wounded soldier!"

"Oh! mamma, what shall we do? The negroes are all gone; but we cannot refuse a wounded confederate soldier, mother. No, of course not, but"—the sentence of Miss Dana was not completed, she was too much absorbed in the gradually approaching group. A few moments of silence elapsed, and then "Kate!" burst from Mrs. Dana's lips while she regarded her daughter with a look of helpless dismay. Kate gave no audible reply to her mother's exclamation, but an answering look of complete consternation would have acquainted a beholder with the conviction which had simultaneously seized them.

"Yes, mother, those are Yankee soldiers. Can it be that our men have been repulsed?" Here the ladies terminated their colloquy, for as the last sentence was uttered the group of men entered, bearing the bleeding form of a comrade. "Will you do us the kindness, madam," said one, politely, "to give our poor Major a room? you see he is badly wounded." What could Mrs. Dana do? How could she take in a Yankee soldier and nurse him, and yet, how could she so violate her Christian principles as to refuse aid to bleeding helplessness? As she carried on this mental debate she glanced at the prostrate form of the leader of those she had unwittingly pronounced "chivalrous." Pale, very pale, and almost lifeless the soldier lay in the arms of his companions. It was too touching a spectacle to be resisted. "Bring him in here," said Mrs. Dana. "There! now, you had better get a surgeon; we will do all we can to relieve him till you return. Kate, my hartsorn might prove efficacious; get it, child; it is our duty to do all we can to relieve him. How fares it with your men?" Mrs. Dana asked of one of the soldiers. "We've whipped the rebels, ma'am, without our Colonel. Major Gaines fell in leading the charge against them; but they are routed, and they numbered two to our one."

"What was not yours the strongest force?" "Numerically we were not, but in valor and determination our men have proved themselves superiors."

The skirmish which Mrs. Dana and her daughter witnessed took place between Col. S.'s regiment and the notorious cotton burners. The latter having heard that B— was to be occupied by Union troops, the guerrillas decided it expedient

to destroy all the cotton in that section and were out on this nefarious expedition when they unexpectedly encountered a body of Union cavalry. A short, hot conflict ensued. The guerrillas, finding cotton burning a more healthful employment than fighting, soon retreated, leaving six of their number dead on the field. The Union regiment numbered three less after the engagement, with several wounded, among whom was Major Gaines.

A month has passed since the event recorded and Major Gaines is still a resident at the house of Mr. Dana. Two long, long weeks he lay almost in the great arms of Death, bearing with soldier-like fortitude the indescribable pangs which his terrible wound occasioned. Mrs. Dana, with her multiplicity of cares since her slaves turned fugitives, could spare but little time to the wounded man, but Kate was his constant nurse. At first, when she would feel a lacerating pain watching she would be tempted to cry, "poor, poor, but gradually the pale face which lay so quietly on the pillow won an interest in her heart, and she began to love the task which was at first onerous. Daily she combed the auburn hair which lay in such graceful waves upon the broad forehead; and sometimes there was a fond, unconscious lingering of her hand on the fevered brow of the sufferer which almost reconciled him to the pain, so sweet, so soothing was the remedy. So passed the first two weeks of suffering; the third found him convalescent, and at the expiration of the fourth the invalid was merged into the soldier. And now he must leave the sick chamber and take his walk with such care and solicitude through his tedious illness. The thought was one which caused a leaden feeling about the heart which even his recovery could not lighten. Fully understanding the motive which induced his host and hostess to take him in, he had determined to remain no longer than was necessary, and to-day he had appointed for his departure. During his illness he had studied the character of his interesting nurse and found it very lovable, so much so that he could not resist its charm, and he made an inglorious surrender to the enemy. There was one thing which the captive considered a defect in his fair vanquisher, however, and that was her strong belief in the right of slavery. Presumpt had been their discussions on the subject, and at first his antagonist seemed to have her belief so thoroughly rooted as to defy eradication; but lately her resistance to the truths which he upheld had been less strenuous, and he felt himself encouraged to hope for a radical change. We will see if he met with disappointment.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## OUR MUSIC.

We are glad to find that the younger members of families throughout the country, particularly appreciate our page of original parlor music, given with every issue. Coming once a month, it is about as much new music as young ladies, with other occupations, were to learn, and is sufficient to give zest and interest to the family circle. Music aids greatly to charm away the long hours of winter evenings, and ought to be cultivated in every family.



## A WINTER IN NEW YORK.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.



"M' going away for the winter, Robin."  
 "Away? Else, I don't understand you."

"I suppose not," and she uttered a little forced laugh, that rang like a silver bell peal, among the oaks and cedars. "You see Aunt Norris wants me to go home with her, and have a winter in New York; she says she's quite ashamed of me. Mother's only daughter—and Mother was so pretty and fashionable—to have grown up a mere plain country girl!"

"Plain! plain herself, affected old thing."

"Oh hush! Robin, she's my Aunt, and she don't mean ugly."

"I should hope not."

"Now you interrupt one,"—and he had done more, than simply speaking could have effected in that way, for a listener would have heard a noise very like a kiss.

"What Aunt Norris says, is that I want manner, accomplishments; and a winter in town and lessons from B—I, will make me something like what I ought to be. In fact, Rob, I don't mind telling you that she said I was—was well, was too pretty; there now,—to be so utterly without advantages."

Robin Bell looked down into the liquid blue eyes, turned toward his own, and his face grew grave; "I like you just as you are," he said, "I had so much rather you would stay the same sweet girl: I do not thank Mrs. Norris for her thought of teaching you her airs and graces; and as for me, I never heard any one sing so sweetly."

"You foolish Robin, it is only because you like me so."

"Perhaps, but I shall never alter, and you'll not go, Elsie."

"Oh! Robin, I must; Aunt Norris has commanded me—it's quite a command; and she's Mr. A's only sister."

"And your Grandfather and Grand-mother?"

"Of course, they think as Aunt Norris does, it is for my good. But they are old-fashioned country people, you know, and contested it at first. They have agreed at last; and to tell the truth, my things are packed, so must, Robin."

"And we shall be separated all winter."

"Oh! you can run up and see me, and we will correspond."

Robin gave a sigh, there was more in his heart than he thought best to utter; he felt that somehow his betrothed bride did not love him as she used, that Aunt Norris had come between them, that she regarded him as an ignorant old-hopper not good enough for Elsie, and tried to put what barriers she could between them. His face grew a little dark and moody, as they turned from the wood, where they had been wandering throughout the warm, bright summer afternoon, and went arm in arm across the field-path toward the red-roofed farm

house, which had been Elsie's home since the day which made her an orphan. The cloud rested on his brow throughout the evening, and when, upon the broad vine-curtained porch, they paused a moment in lover's fashion, ere bidding each other farewell, he said sadly:

"We may never meet thus again, Elsie; much may happen in a winter."  
 "Oh! Rob, don't speak so!" and then with real love in her face, she stood on tiptoe to gave him the parting kiss.  
 "Dear Rob, I'd never go if I dreamed of such a thing."

So they parted; he plodding home, to the new farm, which, as he hoped, to have Elsie for its mistress, in the coming spring; she to go back into the house and talk with Aunt Norris, over the joys and gayeties of a New York winter.

On the morrow, ere the sun went down, miles and miles of railway lay between the two lovers; and Elsie, who already begun to wish herself back in the red farm-house, and to miss Grandma and Grandma and good, faithful, loving Robin.

"I'll only stay a week," she muttered during some waking moments, when the shores of her fellow passengers, and the shrieks of the engine, made night hideous; "and I wish I hadn't left at all. Poor Robin, he does love me."

With morning light, and the sight of the great city's steeples, came reflections of a different order. She no longer wanted to go home—that is, not so soon; this New York was very Aladdin's lamp to her, to be rubbed and wished upon. Broadway's thronged sidewalks, the whirling equipages, filled with gayly dressed women, the shops, gorgeous with rich stuffs and jewels, the display of delicacies and luxuries tempting to every sense, charmed and bewildered her.

Even the cold winds which her Aunt dwelt seemed a place; for its furniture of rosewood and velvet, and its carpets, rich and soft as the moss in the old wood, where Robin and herself had been so fond of walking; were wondrous, to eyes accustomed to the plain splint-bottomed chairs and cherry-wood tables, and feet accustomed to Grandma's carpets of homespun hemp.

The first Sabbath she went to church—Grace Church—as much a dream of fairy land as all the rest, and at night she sat down to write a letter home. Dear Grandma heard all about the service, "so impressive;" Robin had an account of much that she had seen and heard, but neither of them were told of the dark stranger who had occupied a neighboring pew, and whose eyes had never left her face during the time they sat so close together: she thought of him much more than Robin would have liked, we greatly fear. Poor Robin, his words that letter next his heart all day, and kissed it a thousand times, and re-read it in his own room, when the hard toil of the harvest was over for the evening. It was such a loving letter; the writing even looked like the blue-eyed girl who wrote it, to his fancy, and he murmured, "I need not fear change in her; even that affected old woman cannot spoil my Elsie."

And at that moment in the distant city, divided by miles of field and woodland from that still country place, a stranger bowed before Elsie, and looking up she saw the dark eyes, which had been riveted upon her throughout the whole service that first morning

in Grace Church. "Miss Mede, Mr. Templeton;" and they were left alone together, and the gentleman seated himself beside her.

There are people who possess the power of pleasing in a singular degree; they can fascinate at will, and it is almost impossible to resist the indescribable charm of their manner. The man who sat beside Elsie was one of these. She had never met any one like him, never been exposed to the subtle influence of such eyes or such a voice, and her heart yielded more readily.

Music floated about them, the perfumed air was rich with the fragrance of hot-house blossoms; over all the gas light flung a blaze of brilliance. She did not speak much, it seemed better to listen, and how that man talked, how he flitted, like a butterfly among the flowers, from one airy nothing to another, making each topic seem important while he spoke. The blue eyes of Elsie were like those of a wondering child, and from a distant sofa, Aunt Norris looked on with content.

"You have made a conquest, Elsie," she said, as they rolled home together, in their carriage; "and what a charming man Mr. Templeton really is. I've invited him to call."

"Conquest!" no one talked of conquest, when Robin first offered her his arm to see her home from Sunday School. It was a new word, one she had only met in novels, heretofore. Had she made a conquest? was she really loved enough to make an impression on the heart of Mr. Templeton; a man like that? It was a bewildering dream; and we regret to say that Elsie dreamed none at all that night of Robin Bell.

The life Elsie led was very gay, each week seemed to make it gay; every evening was spent in scenes of festivity; the days in drives and shopping excursions, or in receiving calls. There was little time to think, and when she did, Elsie was conscious of a feeling of repugnance, amounting almost to disgust, at the idea of living in the red-roofed farm-house, trudging on hemp carpets, sitting on cherry-wood chairs, and wearing muslins and calicoes again. She wrote home still, but caught herself often forgetting the day when the letter should have been posted, and once left a whole fortnight past, so that Grandma sent a hurried, frightened letter, full of fears lest she were ill, and blotted by her tears, by Deacon Yarrow, who was coming up on church business. How Aunt Norris laughed at him, and what smart things handsome Mr. Templeton said in relation to the old man's long hair, and short inexpressibles, and blue yarn stockings, and red cotton pocket handkerchief. Elsie grew quite ashamed of having been his pet scholar at the Sunday school, and of having so often in her childhood perched upon his knee, to cut big apples, and hear the story of "Moses in the bulrushes," or "Joseph and his Brethren;" and was very glad to see him go, with his letter to Grandma in his pocket, and a sort of peace offering of confectionery, in a paper parcel, under his arm.

Whatever she did or saw was pretty sure to be couched in her mind with Mr. Templeton, by this time. He was her very shadow. Hotel life is an idle one; she was never occupied, save with some trifle of embroidery, or a novel. She

met him in the parlor in the morning. He crossed her path and joined her on the promenade. He was her escort to places of amusement, and wherever she spent the evening he was also,—devotion in his eyes, and flattery on his tongue.

Elsie thought of Robin sometimes; she knew she was not doing right, yet city ways were so different from those of the country, and Elsie was one of necessity, and Aunt Norris knew she was engaged to Robin, and found no fault. So she reasoned. And Aunt Norris knew her thoughts, and smiled as she began to feel sure that she would wean her niece from her lover in a very little while.

At last, when Christmas time had come, and the streets were white with snow, Robin himself appeared upon the scene. He had taken a week's holiday, and was hopeful and glad and loving. Elsie's first thought was one of joy; she saw him alone in the parlor whither she had been summoned, and asked questions about home, and Grandma and Grandma, and told him of the Ingram carpet he had bought for their parlors, and of the pains he and Grandma had taken to put it down. The home was almost ready for his bird, and he kissed her.

It was a pity he had spoken about that house at all; Elsie felt her spirits forsake her; the homely picture rose before her mind, and she wondered whether it would be possible to live there. Then she stole a look at Robin, and saw that there were freckles on his face, and that his hands were large and red, and that the village tailor had not made a good fit of a new green suit; and it looked so funny to see a man's face shaven,—why couldn't he wear whiskers like Mr. Templeton?

TO BE CONTINUED.

## MARCH WINDS!

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

The rude March winds, the mad March winds,

What a comical play they play!

How they bluster, and fluster, and rave, and roar,

And knock at the window, and bang at the door,

In the most undignified way!

Unbidden they enter the garden gate,

In eddies, and whirls, and whisks;

And as soon as they have their rub, Bill-mell,

Full many a ghastly tale they tell

To the frightened boys and girls!

The fierce March winds, the wild March winds,

What a chorus of evils sound;

They make, as they dart down the nearest street,

To jostle the passengers of their feet,

As they travel their daily rounds!

They pull and tug at the old man's beard,

And as they sweep him down the street,

They tumble the apple-stands down the row,

Then whistle and scream as they go they,

To startle the belles and beaux!

The bold March winds, the cold March winds,

Though they strike to our very bones—

Yet the sweet little violets lift their heads,

And the daisies start from their winter beds,

At the sound of the trumpet tones!

The croon peeps at the wailing snail,

And the swallow builds her nest;

The rivulets laugh in their dimpled glees,

And the rivers run faster toward the sea,

In their beautiful wild unrest.

Yes, the rude March winds, the mad March winds,

Are the heralds of balmy Spring,

Of the fragrant sweet,

The golden bloom of the corn and wheat,

And the bright birds on the wing!



## ELLEN AND I.

## A WOMAN'S STORY.

BY INGOLDSBY NORTH.



HERE is nothing romantic in

what I am about to write, unless such a name can be given to events which have happened to many a woman before, and which have clouded many a life full of bright hopes and promise. I only tell the story because, perhaps, being a daughter of Eve, I cannot keep it to myself, perhaps even in the hope that I may some day read it over as the experience of some one else, and so forget that I was one chiefly concerned. At all events, there may be some who see in these lines cause for taking courage under sorrows which, at times, seem almost too heavy to bear.

The circumstances happened many years ago, when all the actors were young. There are no localities named; and it is sufficient to say that we lived not a thousand miles from New Orleans. Our names I suppress. First, then, of Ellen, my cousin. She was beautiful. Her fair hair waved lightly over her brow, like fleecy clouds over a morning sky, and within her eyes lay a heaven of love. Her voice was music itself; and as she tripped over the grass with step so light that "the very flowers did turn to look on her," we all loved her dearly—I most of all. We had been children and were girls together. Our two homes belonged to each. We used to row thousands of times that, come what might, we would never, never allow a shade of coldness, or doubt, or self-love to come between us—Ellen and I would be dear friends always. I am going to tell how she kept her word and I mine.

We were nineteen. What should, what do girls of nineteen think most of? I am old enough now to talk of these matters with calmness, and to say with freedom that, though "the bright ideal of our dreams" had not appeared to either, we often pictured to ourselves the days when some noble youth should tell us of love, and how we, after driving him to the verge of madness, in the most approved fashion of all romantic young ladies, past, present, or to come, in books, would never acknowledge the flame that we felt, too, till we could bear it no longer. We often even used to say that one of us would make George Hilton—only cousin George, and, therefore, not of the least consequence—a more gallant cavalier than when he left us to go to Columbia College three years before. When a letter came that he was to be home in a few days many schemes of teasing were thought of. We would be haughty and gracious in turns. Ellen said she would give him no peace; and I said I would make him fall in love—hopelessly, of course—with my extremely handsome self; for handsome I was, as I well knew.

George's and Ellen's and my father were all brothers, and their plantations joined each other. They were all wealthy, and we girls were allowed very indulgent, and left pretty much to ourselves. Being company enough for each other, we had never cultivated many acquaintances. George had been our playmate in childhood, our companion in youth, while now, three years having passed since we had seen him, he was coming home again to stay. A fine, tall, gentlemanly youth he was when he left us; a man when he came back. We had anticipated seeing the boy of old, and had rehearsed a performance which on our meeting was to reduce him to obedience at once to our slightest wish. But when old Scipio Africans opened the door, and thrusting his head in, grinned from ear to ear with delight as he bawled out, "Here's Master George, dey is," our parts were all forgotten; for there walked in an extremely well-bred and dignified-looking gentleman, who advanced in a perfectly collected manner and kissed each of us on the cheek, as if we were a couple of children whom he had just called to see. We felt so extremely discontented that he could not but see it; and it was only when Ellen and I, looking at each other, burst into a laugh, that he began to comprehend the situation. Matters then went on better, however, and he was soon sitting between us, holding a hand of each, and telling us stories of the great world of college-life.

"Well, what are you going to do with yourself, now that you have become such a matured hero?" asked I.

"I am going on to the plantation, I suppose," said he; "but of one thing be sure—I shall be with you two the very day till I make a conquest of one. Let me look at you both." And he stood up before us. "You are both very beautiful," said he merrily, "and I love you both."

Light words, lightly spoken—light as was our life from day to day after that.

For we danced and sung and walked and together, the gayest of the gay, without a thought of the net which was being woven about us—I without a thought of how George Hilton had gradually become dearer to me than any being on earth.

Why make a short story long—it is soon told, and not a new one. I hardly know when the cousin's love faded before the stronger light of the grown woman's deep affection, but I confessed the change to myself. Last, and I trembled at the thought of what words he might some day utter—trembled though I loved him so much. I said nothing to Ellen of this newly-discovered feeling. I see now how wrong this was. I even tried to combat it a long time. How could I, however, avoid his influence, seeing that I could not avoid his presence. He was with us constantly, as I said before, and I was forced to conceal what I felt for him. Ellen did not suspect me. I wonder at it. And thus we went on from day to day and from month to month, without a word other than of cousin's love. At last the moment came. One fine Autumn day, we, George and I, had wandered far away from home. We talked but little. The air to me seemed full of enchantment; the great cotton fields spread out before us, with their every tree heaped, as it seemed, with newly-fallen snow. I did not see; the songs of the hands at work, as they moved about like dark spots here and there, I did not hear—it was like the

dream of the enchanted princess who was yet awakened, he the prince whose kiss should open my long-closed eyes. I hardly knew how it came about, but I felt now the close pressure of his hand, the timid embrace, and the kiss which suddenly came. I had no words for him. I know only that I wept tears which I hid from him whom I loved so dearly, and now was my own forever.

I wonder whether all girls think as I did. Mine forever! that was what he said, mine forever! I was his. It was true, and is so still, though he never knew how entirely, how devotedly, my life has been his.

We went home at last. The hours seemed minutes, the minutes hours, till I was alone, not to think, for I was too happy. In my own room I knelt with my face hidden in the covert of my bed.

Some body knocked at the door. "Come in," I said at last. It was Ellen, of course. Why should she knock? She had not used to do so.

I think she had been crying. "Is it true?" said she.

I knew what she meant as I whispered, "Yes, quite true."

She took my hands in both of hers and looked long and earnestly in my face. I know how mine looked. Joy in every feature. But, my God! what was I saw in hers? Then she suddenly flung her arms around me and prayed that we might both be very happy—always, always. And then she laid her head upon my breast like a weary child, and sobbed, oh, how bitterly!

And I knew then that Ellen loved him—that her life-long dream was true. Her merry laugh when he was absent, and her bashfulness when he was by, her running from him when he would chase her to crown her fair head with garlands, her thousand ways of trying to show that she did not love him, were all signs misread by me. But although he whom she loved was my own, I soothed her with caresses, and when the gray morning light stole into the room, she slept in my arms a troubled, weary sleep. And then slept, too, when I awoke she was gone.

When I came down stairs I learned that she had left the house to walk home, promising to return soon. I waited for her three weeks.

We were to be married soon—two months at the outside. And, meanwhile, as much time as could be spared from consultations about our establishment, my life was devoted to pleasure. Of course there was not much to settle on the first of these points, for George's father intended him to be a planter, as in fact he is still, though he has become his country's enemy and shed the blood of those who were of old his friends.

I really hardly know how to set about the next part of my story. Have any of my readers found that the pleasures of hope were greater than the delights of actual possession? Not with me was this the case; for, excepting the thought of Ellen, I was for a time perfectly happy. Are men thus constituted? It seems to me that with love, as with war and money, success is to them not half so absorbing as the struggle to possess. Alas, I am but a woman, and suppose it is but a woman's wish that the restless world would learn to be more at peace.

Well, we were to be married. We were together every day. He was always kind, too, but—

"What have you done to drive Ellen away?" said he, one evening.

I could not tell him why.

"No quarrel, does she is there?"

"Oh, no; she is busy, perhaps, or has visits to make, or—indeed I do not know what."

"You were always together before, let me see, when did she go away?"

"On the twenty-third of last month."

"Your memory is good, but it was the day when a certain young lady had a conversation with a certain young gentleman."

She thought to leave us together, perhaps, but, darling, we must have her back. We cannot afford to lose dear Ellen so long," said he, rather gravely.

"No," said I, "shall we fetch her?"

"Yes. Let us walk over now."

We went at once. Along the well remembered road to her house, talking of her most of the way—of "dear Ellen." When we got there, she was in her room, they said, and would join us directly. I used to go to her, this time I waited for her to come to me; and I think it was half an hour before she appeared. Pale she looked, but she began to talk at once of all sorts of things; she had been in doors, but had been making some very gorgeous garments for a little girl on the estate with an immensely long name, of which its black mother was so immensely proud; was going to begin her painting lessons, to read much, and so forth.

"And when are you coming to see us?" said I at length.

"O, I don't know," she answered, with a kind of laugh. "I am so busy, you know; and then, what do you want of me now?"

"More than ever," said George, earnestly. "Indeed, dear Ellen, we feel quite lonely without you."

She started when he addressed her thus as if with pain, and did not reply.

"Yes," he said, "we intend to carry you away at once."

Now this was not quite true, as far as I was concerned at least. Nor did I second the wish.

"Why does not my darling speak?" added he, noticing my silence. "Does she not want little Ellen any more?"

"What an absurd question!" said I. "Of course we do; come Ellen."

She looked at me as if to read my thoughts, but I kept the shutters of my soul closed and she could not see through them.

After some hesitation she did come with us. It was strange, but that evening seemed to bring back old thoughts and old times. We were girls together once more, and George a boy again. He laughed and talked, teased us, and chased us about as if there was not a thought of so serious a thing as marriage between two of us, and no shadow upon the life of the third.

And at last, when the gray twilight rose up out of the earth, and the damp mist began to creep around, we sat down to play a merry game of cards, as we had done a hundred times before.

"What shall we play for?" said he, as he busily arranged our seats. "Shall it be for love?"

It was a thoughtless word, for Ellen turned very white, and sobbed. "Oh, no, not for love—al cannot win, and I could not bear to lose again."

George looked from one to the other, and then abruptly left the room.

"Oh, what have I done—what have I said?" whispered she, after a long silence, during which wretched thoughts



crowded fast through my brain. I could only say a few words of commonplace about headache, faintness, and so on, but I might just as well have held my peace for she had fainted away. I did not dare to call for help—and just then George came in.

"What is this?" said he, rushing to her side. And then he lifted her tenderly—oh, how tenderly—in his arms, and carried her to the window. I felt pity for her, but it was torture to see her, when she recovered, lean upon his shoulder trembling and white as a sheet; worse to see him kiss her lips and beg for *his* sake—"and Carrie's, of course," he added—to compose herself. It was more terrible than all to be certain, when she slowly retired, that the kiss he gave to me was less tender than that he pressed upon her unconscious lips.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### THE ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE AN ELEMENT OF BLISS IN HEAVEN.



HERE is scarcely any source of enjoyment in this world greater or purer than that of advancement in knowledge. But angelic minds in heaven are, doubtless, animated with a far stronger and more insatiable thirst for knowledge, than any mind in this world ever experienced; and the pleasure of new acquisitions in knowledge, as the result of the application of all possible capacities and powers, will be incomparably greater in heaven, than anything we can here conceive of. Indeed, the floods of knowledge poured upon the soul will be such as would be overwhelming in any other than its glorified state; and the visions which, in open sight, will pass before it, must be of a crowded vastness entirely transcending all our present powers of imagination.

But it is to be considered that the knowledge of God's works and ways will not, in the heavenly world, be inferior, in any more than it is here. There will be, certainly, a vast variety of things known, absolutely and by intuition; and this mode of knowledge will be incomparably greater and more wonderful there than here; and there will be no waning or weakening of this power by sin, or moral obliquity, or darkness of vision, which, in this world, veils and shuts out from our sight a great many things that we should otherwise, even in our earthly state, intuitively see and know. Let selfishness be taken from the vision, and out of the soul, and we should be, in respect to a thousand objects of knowledge that are now laboriously hidden, or too distant to be seen, like men in a beautiful world, but surrounded by a thick, impenetrable mist which is suddenly all removed, and its place supplied by a transparent atmosphere, in which you can see every object with the utmost distinctness and clearness, as far as the eye can reach.

Our atmosphere and our vision, under the influence of self, are like those dense, sooty fogs that sometimes, in November, settle down upon the city of London, with such damp markiness, that the people have to light torches at noon-day, and, after all, grope in darkness; or like the sea-fogs, in which the men on ship-board, especially if near a coast, have to go by the line and lead, ringing the bells, ever in suspense and anxiety. There will be nothing of all this in the search after knowledge in the heavenly world. There will be no night, nor cloud, nor mist, nor darkness, but radiant light; nor any dangers to be encountered in the voyages of the soul over the great ocean of truth; but the vessel may spread all her sails, and take all the gales that are blowing, and go safely with the utmost rapidity of which she is capable.

Nevertheless, all things will not be known by intuition. There will have to be the summoning of utmost powers into exercise, and the utmost attentiveness and diligence in investigation; and even glorified spirits will have to begin, as it were, at the A B C, in vast regions of truth, where, if they did not begin with the first principles, and travel on, and learn little by little, they could not understand or advance at all.

It will probably be, in many things, as it is here with the study of mathematics; except the first steps are thoroughly mastered, the higher branches must remain thoroughly mysterious, unknown. The forty-seventh proposition of Euclid would be as inscrutable and devoid of meaning, without the gradual mastery of the preceding steps in the science of geometry, as a circle of chaotic hieroglyphics. And so there may be propositions in heaven, which will open a new world of wonderful and entrancing beauty to the mind, but which, to admit the possibility of understanding them, require, even then, a long previous, patient study of introductory steps and first principles.

And the progress of the mind in mastering difficulties, and springing from proposition to proposition, from step to step in the ladder of knowledge, will depend there, as here, upon the various degrees of arduous brought to the pursuit, and the various habits of attention and of application. There may be seraphs that will outrun all their competitors in these blissful pursuits; and those who are left behind will only rejoice to behold the fiery speed of such progress in others, as they will gaze after them in rapture, as they behold their resplendent forms growing brighter and brighter with every new acquisition, and see them, as it were, in blazing chariots, winging their way into worlds of unknown and inconceivable glory. And there may be redeemed saints that will likewise outrun all their companions in holy, heavenly, irrepressible ardor, making acquisitions with a rapidity that shall occasion astonishment in higher intelligences.

Of the glory of God, and the supreme blessedness of his knowledge, and of that knowledge increasing forever and ever, we can have, at present, but the faintest and most inconsiderable conceptions. It is beyond all possibility of human imagination. As God's works are infinite, so is his glory in them; and God's ways, as developed in the ages of eternity, in more and more transcending glory.

### MANAGEMENT.

By JENNIE JUNE.



MANAGING is one of those domestic arts credited almost exclusively to women. A great many pride themselves upon being adepts in one branch or other of it; with some it is the household, with others their husbands, and the most expert believe they have discovered the true secret of managing the entire domestic machinery, including husbands, children, and all those sort of complications which help to form the household.

It is a very common thing, especially in the country, to hear women spoken of as "excellent managers," and the expression favorably suggests a busy, bustling person, who keeps a sharp look out on everything that is going on, and, to use a common phrase, makes everybody "toe the mark." She is generally economical also, and very proud of her ability to make a little go a long way.

The trouble is that the good manager often makes these undeniable virtues take the place of others quite as essential, and, in her Martha-like zeal, forgets love, faith, patience, and charity toward those who are not endowed with her excellent functions.

Women, moreover, have few opportunities to assume commanding positions, and the domestic temptation, where the will exists, is irresistible, to become dictatorial, positive, and even tyrannical, in a small way. This is not only unwise and un-womanly, but is a very bad policy. Nearly all women can have their own way, if they do not demand it and make a fuss about it.

Men yield easily to a wife's influence, if only that influence be quietly exercised, but no man likes the idea of being "managed," and the true secret of success in this sort of household diplomacy is to keep it entirely out of sight. To do this, a woman must commence first by being able to "manage" herself. It is the sorriest sight in the world to see women lose all control over themselves, and fly into fits of ungovernable passion, while at the same time they profess to be capable of governing and controlling others.

There are women—good women too in some respects, who are objects of terror to their families whom they love, from their violent, positive, domineering tempers, and the habit of indulging in them. One cannot help a feeling of contemptuous pity for a husband who allows himself to be kept in subjection to an unreasonable will, and heartily compassionate the helpless children. But it is after all a very serious matter; it kills affection, destroys domestic happiness, and lowers the moral and spiritual condition of the woman herself.

Men will often bear a great deal for the sake of peace, and it must not be supposed that women commonly their married lives with such displays of temper, and authority is a trial which grows upon them with time, with the exercise of power, and perhaps the nervous irritability consequent on the birth and care of children.

These and other reasons serve as excuses, until habit has become second nature, and the originally lovely character of the wife is completely shadowed by this one glaring and unpleasant fault. Of course, we would not be understood as advising women to yield an iota of their proper dignity and position as heads of the internal department; without will, decision, firmness, neither husband nor children will respect them, but these qualities should be tempered with judgment, taste, tact and discretion.

Husbands have no objection to being controlled or "managed," somewhat, by their wives, if it be not done in an offensive and masterful way. Many husbands are proud of the good sense and admirable judgment of their wives, and willingly acknowledge their indebtedness to their suggestions.

Men, indeed, soon care very little for a woman who is so amiable as never to have an opinion of her own; she will be to them either pet or slave, but never a true wife. Women are not the only objects in creation who go by the rule of contrary, and perpetual submission must either make a man a despot, or sticken him so that he will be easily attracted by brighter and sharper metal. This is undoubtedly the secret of the neglect and desertion of many who have supposed themselves model wives.

A great element of success in managing husbands, is not only kindness, but a little judicious flattery—not much, use it sparingly, and it will win the more highly valued; but show appreciation, remember if you don't others will, and no man is without vanity. The principal charm of social life consists in the agreeable things which it is considered proper and polite for people to say to each other. Why not introduce this softening and civilizing element into domestic life? It would operate like magic in smoothing over rough places.

It happens too often, however, that the contrary is the case; there are married people who not only ignore common courtesies and civilities in their relations with each other, but seem to take every opportunity to say bitter and contemptuous words—words which must finally produce something more material than indifference. Such a discreditable state of things is wrought the result of a neglect at first to cultivate that respect and courtesy toward each other, which sweetens the closer as well as the less intimate relations of life.

The pride of some women prevents them from using the means in their power to obtain the possible amount of wifely influence over their husbands. They are exacting and imperious in their demands, but would never descend to coax, entreat or flatter, even to gain the desired object of their desires; they say in effect, if not in so many words, "he knows my wishes, or ought to, and I shan't deign to comply with them if I shall nevertry to make him."



This is very lofty, and very natural to a proud spirit, but it is very foolish in a woman who is a wife. The position is undoubtedly an honorable one, but it is necessarily secondary, and to a certain extent a submissive one. I appeal to the experience of all married women if this is not the case, and so long as men hold the balance of power, and are subjected to the promptings of an imperfect nature, just so long will it be necessary for women to exercise a little domestic diplomacy, and be the sheers of folly, as well as insure the destruction of their own happiness, for them to attempt to oppose obstinately with pride or the exhibition of unwisely contempt.

It is exceedingly hard when women discover, as they sometimes do, the mental and moral inferiority of their husbands, to treat them with the proper amount of respect and courtesy, particularly if they fail, as they not infrequently do, to return the compliment in kind; but even this fact does not release the wife from her share of the obligation. Women have themselves to thank, as a general rule, for marrying inferior men; and it is the haste and recklessness with which they assume their grave responsibilities, blights, the disgraceful fact which many have of being "old maids," that often makes them accept the first person that presents himself, good, bad or indifferent, and thus in a moment perpetrate a folly which shortly becomes the parent of an everlasting regret.

If young women were courageous, self-reliant, and conscientious enough to always refuse to marry, except where prompted unerringly by heart and judgment, we should have much less unhappiness, and greater equality than at present exists in the state of matrimony.

In the meantime, we must take things as we find them, and make the best of them. It is of no use to parade one's regrets or unhappiness; no one sympathizes with it or with them. All but the extreme cases of hardship with a husband are made worse, for the woman at least, by publicity or separation. Who cares for a deserted woman, and how frighly isolated and lonely her position in society; even her best friends will hint that there are always two sides to a story, and the highly respectable, conservative members of a social community will either cut her altogether or speak of her as "poor Mrs. —" a person to be avoided.

There is no fallacy more grievous or more hurtful, than that the disagreements which perpetually occur in wedded life should be made the cause of instant separation, and freedom allowed them to go in search of some other and more congenial partner. It is certainly true that some persons are better fitted for each other than others, but this is a point to discover before marriage. The notion that the proper person found, an immediate state of perpetual sweetness and bliss would ensue, is arrant nonsense, and shows a very imperfect knowledge of the degree of love and wisdom to which the human race has at present attained.

The truth is, that making allowance for the difference in education and circumstances, human nature is very much the same all the world over; in some it is a little more, in some a little

less of one quality or another; but so where we will, and whom we will, we shall never find one who does not need somewhat of the patience, forbearance, and charity, which we need and would like to have extended to ourselves. And when people willingly and without coercion take upon themselves binding obligations in the face of "better or worse," they must do the best they can to fulfill them even if it turn out "worse."

There are few cases of indifferent or delinquent husbands, however, which if they are not aggravated by the foolish and unwise conduct of the wife, might not also be greatly ameliorated by her good and sensible management. Men, it must be remembered, have not all the best of it. Quite as many suffer from violence or weakness on the part of their wives, as women from the obstinacy and want of refinement of their husbands. In either case it is best to bring tact and judgment to bear, rather than opposition, and the affectation or assertion of superiority; but for women it is not the alternative, it is the necessity; they are comparatively helpless, they are in the power of the man; they have just the claim of young womanhood to consideration, and if they have not that of honored wife-hood, they are most pitiable.

It is the woman's interest more than the man's, therefore, to preserve her position, and in most cases it can be done without the loss of self-respect, by the exercise of a little judgment, a little kindness, a little forbearance, and the ordinary restraint upon one's possibilities of temper, which would be practiced toward a mere acquaintance, or perfect stranger.

Still it is not always possible to conquer oneself; troubles sometimes accumulate, and are met by a weak and consequently easily irritated condition of body or mind; in such a case it is better, we verily believe, to either explode, and frankly explain matters afterward, or remain alone and devote the time to reading or thought until the fit has passed off.

Some people would suggest prayer, but at such a time the individual does not feel like prayer, and a forced mechanical utterance would do little good.

Candor in regard to one's own faults and shortcomings is one of the best elements of good management; there are, to be sure, brutes who take advantage of such candor to appreciate it, but such instances are rare. Generally to confess a fault, is not only to win forgiveness, but to induce a generous desire to take at least half the blame, and the pride which restrains the performance of so simple an act of justice between husband and wife, is not of the embolizing but of the debasing sort.

Above all, good management, like true art, absolutely conceals itself, and seems not to exist; at the moment it is revealed and recognized, that moment it ceases to exercise the right kind of influence, and becomes the pale representative, not the reality.

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We are securing a brilliant staff of contributors, including some of the best names from all parts of the country, that cannot fail to give great variety and interest to our literary columns.



**EVENING PARTIES.**—The season for parties is this month at its height, partly because the cold weather gives additional zest to indoor sociality; partly, in cities, at least, because the rich cake, and other New Year's luxuries left over, can thus be most advantageously disposed of.

The fault about our method of giving parties is, that, like every thing else, it lacks originality and individuality. We all follow suit to each other, in the homeliest cow-bell style. What one must have, another must have, whether her means or style of living is in accordance with it, or not.

This is all wrong, and very foolish. It often leads women into the absurdity of trying to do too much, and thus spoiling the whole affair. There is also a species of vulgarity in this aping, and trying to imitate others, which no lady should be guilty of; while, on the contrary, simplicity, without any pretension, is frequently exceedingly attractive.

**ENGLISH PEA-SOUP.**—Take a half a shin of beef, some beef and ham-bones, and, if possible, a knuckle of veal, and boil it together, in a gallon of water, with a little salt. Clear it of the scum, as it rises, and have ready a quart of split peas, which have been soaked in cold water, overnight. Boil the meat very slowly, for two hours, then put in the peas, which will have absorbed the water, with a root of celery, and two or three carrots, scraped, and cut in pieces. Sift in, also, a little dried mint, and season to taste. Cook slowly, stirring often with a wooden spoon, for four hours.

**SAMP.**—Soak a quart of cracked Indian corn, overnight, and put it on the fire, first thing after breakfast, with three pounds of beef, not too salt, and one of pork. Cover with water, and let it cook slowly five hours, being very careful not to let it burn.

**BAKED APPLE-DUMPLINGS.**—Select medium, even-sized apples; peel core them, and fill the cavities with sugar, and a little cinnamon. Divide your paste into as many parts as you have apples. Roll each one out square, and inclose the apple in it, slightly wetting the edge, to make it stick. Bake them in a shallow pan, and eat with a dry sauce made of butter and sugar beaten together.

**A COLD RELISH.**—Cut odd scraps of meat into small pieces. If there is veal and ham among it, so much the better. Add three table-spoonfuls of farina, some parsley, green or dried, a little sage, a little celery, parsnip, or carrot, or all three, chopped fine, and pepper and salt. Cover with water, and stew for two hours, very gently. Pour into a dish, and when cold it will be solid, and should be cut in thin slices, for the table.

**POTTED HAM.**—(A nice supper dish.)—Take the remains of a boiled ham, cut in small pieces, and pound it, little by little,

in a mortar, softening it during the process, with a little melted butter. Add Cayenne pepper to taste, and put it in small bowls, glasses, or potting jars, pressing it down very smooth. Over the surface pour a little more melted butter, cover tight, and set away. It will keep for weeks.

**PUFF OMELETTE.**—MRS. H. PRIOR.—Beat the yolks of six eggs light with a small tuncup of milk, and a little salt. Beat together, of sweet butter and flour, each a table-spoonful, until smooth; add the mixture to the custard, and beat the whole well together. Pour into a buttered omelette or frying-pan, and when it appears to thicken, add the whites, well beaten; dust over a trifling of salt, and when the whole is stiff, remove carefully to the dish.

**LONDON FAVORITE DUMPS.**—Take two pounds of veal from the leg or the neck, and cut into nice pieces, which fry a light brown, with a slice of ham or salt pork, which may afterward be cut in pieces; have ready a sauce made by mixing cold gravy or soup with a table-spoonful of flour, a little salt, some pepper, salt, and some butter-mushrooms; pour this over the veal and ham, and let the whole simmer together for half an hour. Of course, the veal and ham should be removed from the sauce in which they were fried and placed in a clean pan before the sauce is poured over them.

**MOCK BREWERY.**—Take a leg of veal and corn it slightly, by sprinkling salt over it; let it lay a week, then cut from it steaks, which fry in the fat from a few thin slices of browned salt pork, or lard, and serve with butter and pepper; no salt will be needed.

**MOCK DUCK.**—Procure a steak cut from the rump of beef, and fill it with a dressing made of chopped bread, port, sage, onion, and sweet marjoram, and well seasoned with salt, pepper, and a little of pork, or some of the dressing on the top, and set it in a pan into which pour a pint of water; cover down tight, and let it cook slowly in the oven three hours; then take off the lid, brown quickly, and serve hot.

**CROWDER.**—For a capital Spring croquet, put a layer of fresh fish, cod, or salmon, on a layer of split crackers, sliced onions, and raw potatoes sliced very thin; strew a little salt and pepper over this layer, then put in more pork and fish, crackers, onions, and potatoes, and so on, until the ingredients are exhausted; pour this mixture pour a bowl of liquid, composed of two table-spoons of flour, mixed smooth with milk and water; add milk and water to the flour until there is sufficient to just cover the contents of the pot; cover down tight, and cook slowly two or three hours.

**SPINACH.**—This is the earliest and most welcome Spring vegetable, but it is very apt to be spoiled in the cooking. It is important to know that it does not require any water, the exposed joints being quite sufficient to keep moist and free from burning; boil fifteen minutes, after a very careful washing and picking, in a covered sauce-pan without water, and with a little salt, dried herbs, and a pint over egg sauce; garnish with hard-boiled eggs cut in two.

Egg and parsley sauce are greatly improved by mixing the flour with milk instead of water.

**OMELETTE.**—Six eggs make a good sized omelette; break them into a bowl; beat them up with a fork, with a teaspoon of salt, pepper, some chopped parsley, and a little melted butter; pour the mixture into a hot pan, in which a piece of butter, the size of an English walnut, has been melted; cook gradually, turning up the edges, and roll it over just before placing it on the dish; ham, chopped fine, instead of parsley, makes "Ham Omelette."

#### THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY'S FRENCH BREAKFAST AND DINNER COFFEE.

Owing to the fine flavor and great strength of this coffee, it requires a less quantity than is generally used of other coffee.

Boil over a quick fire not exceeding one minute. It is much improved by breaking a fresh egg into the pot. It will settle perfectly clear in five minutes. Serve with sugar and cream or scalded milk. For a dinner coffee serve without cream or milk.

Napoleon, in preparing this coffee, never allowed it to be boiled, but filtered it through a percolator. That is the favorite French style of preparing it.



**How to Boil Eggs.**—Put the required number of eggs into a saucepan containing boiling water sufficient to cover them, and put it in a place on the range where it will keep boiling hot, but not roll. Let them stand some minutes. When taken up, they will be found thickly and delicately pitted throughout, and perfectly digestible. It is a much better and more certain way than boiling them.

Another method is, to let them boil gently for thirty minutes. This is an excellent plan for persons who like hard-boiled eggs, or for invalids, as eggs cooked for this length of time can be easily digested by the most delicate stomach.

**SCRAMBLED EGGS.**—Beat up a dozen eggs and turn them into a pan, in which a little butter has been allowed to melt; throw in finely-chopped boiled ham or parsley, and a little pepper and salt, and toss about rapidly to prevent sticking. Serve up on buttered toast.

**POACHED EGGS.**—Carefully break fresh eggs into a shallow pan of boiling water; have ready slices of buttered toast, and when the white part has set round the yolks, take them up with a skimmer and lay each one upon a slice of bread. They are seasoned at table.

**FRIED EGGS.**—The association of eggs with ham is of such honored antiquity, that it would be unwise to disturb it.

Break eggs, then, one by one, into a saucer, and slip them into a pan in which ham has been lightly and quickly browned, (not dried up,) and fry them a light brown on the outside; by this time they will have assumed consistency on the top, and must be taken up carefully with a fish-slice or skimmer, without turning, and placed round the edge of the dish, the ham occupying the center.

**PRESERVED EGGS.**—The best method of preserving eggs is to make a brine of salt and lye, and put the eggs into it. They will keep for a year.

**HORCH POTAGE.**—Green tomatoes, cabbage, and cucumbers, one peck of each, half pint of onions; soak all very fine, salt well, let them stand one night, after which strain through a sieve, and add pepper, horseradish, white mustard seed, and half pint of sugar; mix well, lightly, fill your jar, and cover with good vinegar.

**HOMINY CAKES.**—Mix with cold hominy, an equal quantity of white flour until perfectly smooth; add a teaspoon of salt, and mix of with butter-milk, so that part of which a teaspoon of soda has been dissolved; when of the consistency of griddle-cakes, add a dessert spoonful of melted butter, and bake as usual; with a couple sleep they are delicious, and the absence of eggs will not be missed.

**GRAHAM BISCUITS.**—These are quickly made, and very nice for breakfast. Take a quart of "Graham," or unbolted flour, and mix it to the consistency of drop cakes, with butter-milk, an even teaspoon of soda and a little salt; add a teaspoon of melted butter, and drop the mixture on a shallow pan bake in a quick oven, fifteen or twenty minutes.

**BROTH FOR AN INVALID.**—Cut the chicken, veal, mutton or beef up into pieces, and put into a jar with a cover; fill with water, adding a little salt; close down tight, and let it simmer all day on the stove or range; strain, and season to taste. This method extracts all the juice and strength of the meat, and is infinitely better than boiling.

**SALLY LUNN.**—(Mrs. A. R.)—Six cups of light dough, one cup of milk, one-half cup of butter, two eggs, and two spoonfuls of white sugar; add flour enough to make it the consistency of thick batter, mix well, and pour in greased cake-pans; let them sit in a warm place one hour, and bake by a slow fire.

**WASTE IN APPLES.**—(Mrs. A. E.)—An excellent way of preventing waste in apples is, to pick out all that are beginning to spoil; peel, cut up, and use as for sauce, and fill into salt-light cans. As if we may cannot fruit through the Fall and Winter, I sell the cans with apples, and so have plenty for pies or sauce till Summer.

Pippins and bell-flowers make a delicious preserve. Take one-half pound of sugar to each pound of fruit; make a syrup, in which boil your fruit till clear; take out the fruit, and boil the syrup till thick; add extract of lemon to taste, and pour over the fruit. To prevent the necessity of long boiling, which injures the taste and looks of preserves, I put mine, while boiling, into tin cans of preserves. There is then no danger of their spoiling in any way.

**COOK BREAD.**—(Mrs. G. M.)—One pint of sour milk, one pint of corn meal, one pint of white flour, two even teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of molasses or brown sugar, one large teaspoonful of salt; bake one hour. It is nice warm for dinner, and moist and toothsome when cold.

**GRINDEN SNAKE.**—One pint of molasses, one teaspoonful of butter, or better and lard mixed, two even teaspoonfuls of soda, dissolved in two-thirds of a teaspoonful of boiling water, two tablespoonfuls of ginger; mix, as quickly as possible, with flour enough to roll out thin, and bake quickly to a light brown. Sorghum molasses is preferred. They will keep any length of time.

**MR. H. PUNING.**—One cup of leaf yeast, chopped fine; one cup of molasses, one cup of molasses, one cup of milk, two cups of flour, two crackers grated, or a dessert spoonful of corn starch, and two spoonfuls of corn meal. If the milk is sour, use soda; if sweet, soda and acid, or cream of tartar; beat up well, pour in a mold and boil.

**VELVET BUTTER.**—The yolks of eggs will give butter a beautiful yellow color in the Winter and early Spring, before grass comes.

**PLAIN INDIAN PUDDING.**—Seven tablespoonfuls of sifted Indian meal, one cup of boiling water, until the quantity is thoroughly wet, add three pints of new or skimmed milk, two-thirds of a cup of molasses, a little salt, four eggs. Some persons think a little chopped sweet improves it. Place it in the oven, with a moderate heat, and bake it slowly three hours. Eat with butter. After being in the oven a half hour I stir it from the bottom, as it is apt to thicken at first. I send another that is good.

NANTUCKET.

**NANTUCKET CORN PUDDING.**—Take two dozen ears of young corn, husk and grate or pound it fine, add three pints of new milk, one half teaspoon of brown sugar, a little salt, two soda-crackers, powdered fine, six eggs; put in the oven, with a moderate heat, and bake three hours; eat with butter.

NANTUCKET.

A very simple recipe for making a good jelly, from Peter Cooper's Gelatine.

To make two quarts, take a two ounce package of the Gelatine and soak for one hour in a pint of cold water; add to this one and one-half pounds of sugar, the juice of four lemons, some orange peel, stick cinnamon or other flavoring; when the Gelatine is thoroughly soaked, pour on three pints of boiling water and strain immediately through a jelly bag or coarse toweling; next pour into molds and set aside to cool; in warm weather use a little more Gelatine.

The Spring is the most difficult season of the year in which to procure variety for the table, unless resources can be had to forcing houses and imported delicacies. Winter supplies are, in many cases, exhausted, or, at least, begin to lose their whiteness, while the early fruits and vegetables are still afar off in the future.

Henceforth, oranges have one of the principal dependencies in the fruit line at this season, but the high prices of them, in common with other luxuries, will deter many persons from using them as freely as formerly.

It would, however, be better economy to retrench in any direction than that from fruit during the Spring, and especially of such fresh fruit as can be procured in a dish of oranges, sliced or plain, should be a regular feature of the breakfast table wherever it is practicable. It is in the morning that the beneficial effects of our stomach and liver are most particularly felt.

It is an old adage that fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night, and we have heard a celebrated physician remark that "if everybody would eat an orange (not a sweet Havana, but one of the juicy, Manzanilla orange) every morning before breakfast during the Spring months, Summer bilious disorders would be unknown."

Fish and eggs constitute an important part of the housekeeper's repertoire, and by the exercise of a little ingenuity, can be made to give us all of elegance and delicacy, as well as variety, to each meal.

Practical receipts and useful hints always acceptable. Address "Household," care of Demorest's Monthly.



**REMEMBER.**—Nothing is a trifle which gives pleasure; nothing is a trifle which gives pain.

**PHILOSOPHY AND POETRY.**—Philosophy is to poetry what old age is to youth, and the stern truths of philosophy are as fatal to the fictions of the one as the chilling testimonies of experience are to the hopes of the other.

**HAPPINESS.**—A good man, who has seen much of the world, and is not tired of it, says: "The grand essentials to happiness in this life are, something to do, something to love, and something to hope for."

**BRACE.**—Remember that if thou marry for beauty thou blindest thyself all thy life for that per chance will neither last nor please thee one year; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all for the desire thine when it is attained, and the affection perishes when it is satisfied.

**PRAYER.**—Prayer is the key of the day, and the lock of the night. And we should every day begin and end, but ourselves good morning and good night with prayer. This will make our labor prosperous, and our rest sweet.

**EDUCATION.**—The spirit of education is nothing more than an endeavor to liberate, by means of a freeman, the ideal human being that has been concealed in every child.

**CARES.**—Pack your cares in as small a space as you can, so that they carry them yourself, and not let them annoy others.

**PASHAN.**—A man in a passion is like Vesuvius in an eruption—scalding forth flame and hot stones, which descend immediately into his own bosom, till chance directs it over the edge of the crater, to deal destruction to others.

**HAPPINESS OF THE POOR.**—Labor of the body few are palms of the mind. This is what constitutes the happiness of the poor.

**LAW AND LEGISLATION.**—Good lawyers are often bad legislators; many know perfectly what has been established, and very imperfectly what ought to be.

**AFFLICTION.**—If any hard affliction hath surprised thee, cast one upon the hand that sent it, and the other upon the sin that brought it. If thou thankfully receive the message, he that sent it will direct thee the messenger.

**MEND YOURSELF.**—The best service that we can render to the world is to mend ourselves; if each mends one self all will be mended.

**COURAGE.**—Courage does not consist in feeling no fear, but in conquering fear. He is the hero who, seeing the danger, goes straight on.

**GRAT WOLMAN.**—She who composes a cross haly is greater than she who composes books.

**MODESTY.**—Modesty in woman is like color in her cheek—delicately blooming, if not put on.

**THE VIRTUE.**—Integrity is the first moral virtue; benevolence the second, and prudence the third.

**FOLLY.**—A fool generally loses his estate before he finds his folly.

**DEER.**—Deer is that which the more it is contracted the larger it becomes.

**GOON FORTUNE.**—He that waits for good fortune to come to him is destined to die in poverty.

**PERFECT HAPPINESS.**—Perfect happiness is like the state of fire, which value no mortal ever reached.



**BARBARA FRIETCHE.**

(SEE FRONTISPICE.)

Our readers will all remember the stirring incident of the loyal old woman of Fredericktown, who, when the men hauled down the American flag on the approach of Stonewall Jackson and his men, hoisted it from her attic window. The poem tells the rest of the story.

Up rose old Barbara Frieche then,  
Bowled low with her four-score years and ten.

Bravest of all in Fredericktown,  
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In her attic window the staff she set,  
To show that she was loyal yet.

Up the street came the Rebel tread,  
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right  
He glanced, the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,  
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle's blast.

It shivered the window-pane and ash,  
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff,  
Dame Barbara snatched the linen scarf.

She leaped far out on the window-sill,  
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot," if you must, this old gray head,  
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came.

"Who touches a hair of you gray head  
Dies like a dog," March on," he said.

Barbara Frieche's work is o'er,  
And the Rebel lies on his raids no more.

Honor to her, let a tear  
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

## FRUIT AND FLOWER GROUP.

We present, this month, a fine subject for the amateur efforts of our young friends who have an eye and taste for colors, in the beautiful fruit and flower group in another part of this Magazine.

The design is made with special reference to the production of clear, pleasing contrast and variety of effects which is most useful, as well as most gratifying, to young artists, and we hope that the youthful members of many families among our subscribers will occupy some pleasant evenings by endeavoring to color, according to nature, the charming models here arranged for them. The squirrel cracking his nut, the apple the morning-glory, the cat's head, the strawberry on its leaf, the insect crawling up to its work of destruction, the bird in its spray, the grapes, the currants, the cherries, the foliage, afford a fine opportunity for the exercise of taste and the display of youthful genius.

We propose to furnish these pictures uncolored at 10 cents each, and send them post-paid on receipt of the price.

Mothers should encourage their children in exercises of this sort; it would save them from many temptations to evil.

**THE TROPICS TO BE BROUGHT NORTH.**—A singular enterprise is contemplated in England. It is proposed to cover with glass a large area of ground, and to preserve therein an equable southern temperature. A site out of London has been chosen, and the "Crystal Sanitarium Company" been formed. The plan is recommended by physicians for the benefit of invalids in need of a milder climate.







## ADVERTISING FAVORS.

So great has been the demand upon our advertising columns for some months past, that we have been obliged to remove from the cover several of our own regular announcements, and still could not find room for a whole page of advertisements last month from enterprising business men, who wished to make the ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY their medium of communication with the public.

This state of things is all the more gratifying, from the fact that we have steadily refused all inducements to fill our space with puff of quack medicines, with eulogies of alcohol and poisonous drugs, under the name of "Bitters," or any other announcements which could, in any way, be deemed questionable.

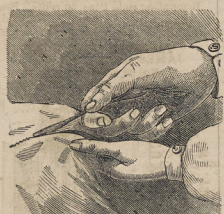
We have determined, and no pecuniary temptation could induce us to swerve from it, that neither in the advertising, nor any other part of this magazine, shall a line enter which shall render it unfit for the family circle, or give even implied countenance to any of the deleterious articles which are so constantly pained upon the credulous public.

Advertisers will please understand that this crowded state of our columns renders it necessary that they should send in their favors as early as possible in order to secure insertion.

WHEELER & WILSON'S  
SEWING MACHINE.  
No. 625 Broadway, N. Y., MAKES THE  
**LOCK STITCH**  
And makes perfect on account of the simplicity of its mechanism and beauty of its stitching—*superior to the whole range of its application.*—*Adopted of all the world.*—*Adopted of all the world.*—*Adopted of all the world.*

## STEINWAY &amp; SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT  
PIANOS,71 and 73 East 14th Street,  
Between Union Square and Irving Place,  
NEW YORK.MME. DEMOREST'S  
SEWING RIPPER.

The above cut represents the Sewing Ripper performing its office. It is a simple and ingenious little instrument, perfect in its operation, and solves a vexed problem with many ladies—how to rip machine sewing neatly and rapidly. Its cost is only fifty cents. Dealers supplied by Mme. Demorest, 473 Broadway. They are sent by mail free, on receipt of the price.

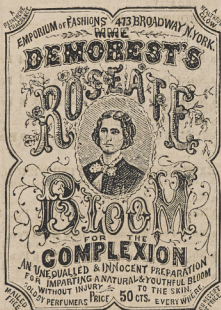
No Lady can afford to be without one.



MME. DEMOREST'S

LILY BLOOM,  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

An unequalled and delightful perfume Toilet preparation for imparting a white, soft, clear and beautiful texture without injury to the skin. Put up in neat boxes at 50 cents. Sold everywhere by Druggists and Perfumers, or sent by mail post free on receipt of the price at

MME. DEMOREST'S  
EMPORIUM OF FASHIONS,  
473 Broadway, N. Y.

MME. DEMOREST'S

ROSEATE BLOOM,  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

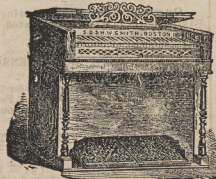
An exquisite and delightful fragrant Toilet preparation for imparting a NATURAL and YOUTHFUL FRESHNESS without injury to the skin. Put up in neat boxes at 50 cents. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers, or sent by mail post free on receipt of the price at

MME. DEMOREST'S  
EMPORIUM OF FASHIONS,  
473 Broadway, N. Y.BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.,  
PIANO FORTES.

Orders for these celebrated and superior Instruments should be addressed to the Wholesale Agent,

SIBERIA OTT,  
748 Broadway, N. Y.S. D. & H. W. SMITH.  
AMERICAN ORGANS.

Pronounced by more than One Hundred of the best Organists of the country to be SUPERIOR to any other reed instrument yet produced, and have received the FIRST PREMIUM whenever exhibited.

SIBERIA OTT, Wholesale Agent,  
No. 748 Broadway, N. Y.The First Premium was awarded to the  
AMERICAN ORGANS

at the New York State Agricultural Fair held at Rochester, September, 1894, over the whole Catalogue exhibited, including instruments from the most celebrated makers.

Exclusive territory secured to dealers, and large discounts.

Send for Illustrated Price Circulars and address all orders to

SIBERIA OTT,  
748 Broadway, N. Y.

## The Calenberg &amp; Vaupel Piano-fortes.

WAREHOUSES 90 & 101 BLEEKER STREET,  
Corner Greene St., (near Broadway.)  
These Pianos are recommended by all the leading artists of the Country, and warranted for six years.

## MME. DEMOREST'S

EXCLAMATOR AND ALWAYS FIRST PREMIUM  
SYSTEM OF DRESS-CUTTING.

Mme. Demorest's System of Dress Cutting with a measure, accompanied with very full instructions, and sent by mail post-free, on the receipt of one dollar six dollars per dozen. These directions followed, any lady possessed of some ingenuity and taste can cut different fancy styles without the assistance of a dress-maker. These directions will become very clear and intelligible when the model is examined, which should be procured by every lady who has any desire to cut dresses with accuracy and elegant proportions.

The system for cutting Children's Dresses, which includes Boys' and Misses' Aprons, Jackets, Bosoms, etc., from an infant's size to a child of fifteen years, with full instructions, sent by mail on the receipt of fifty cents, postage free, or three dollars per dozen.

Special tuition for cutting Ladies' Dresses, including measures, etc. \$1 50.  
Tuition on the Child's System measure, etc. \$1 50.  
Or both together . . . . . \$3 00

## FIRST PREMIUM DRESS-MAKING.

Extensive and superior arrangements have been completed for fashionable and elegant DRESS-MAKING in all its varieties.  
Ladies furnishing their rich and costly materials may rely on being artistically fitted, and their work finished in the most prompt and efficient manner, at the lowest possible price.

A trial is respectfully solicited.  
673 Broadway 57 East Fourteenth Street, between Broadway and Fifth Avenue and 134 Pierpont Street, Brooklyn.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW  
AND DELIGHTFUL FOR  
THE LADIES.MME. DEMOREST'S  
EVERLASTING PERFUME,  
PACKETS,FOR BUREAU DRAWERS, GLOVE AND  
HANDKERCHIEF BOXES, RETICLES,  
AND THE POCKET.EXQUISITE, DELIGHTFUL.  
LASTING FOR YEARS.SEND FOR YOUR CHOICE  
From this list, and send on your orders.  
We send them by mail, free of postage, for 50 cents each.Fragranced (the Eternal Perfume).  
Night Club (Everybody's Favorite).  
Jockey Blooming Cereus (the Latest Sensation).Helio-rope (so very natural).  
Violet. (Everybody loves it.)  
Rose Geranium (a General Favorite).  
Bouquet. (Very Exquisite).  
Rose (the Ladies' Choice).  
Verbena. (Very Sweet).  
Jasmine. (A delicious perfume.)  
Millefleur. (The odors of a million flowers combined. This is, indeed, a sweet perfume.)

Musk. (Ladies like it, they say. This perfume exceeds all others.)

Patchouly (a delightful perfume).  
These packet perfumes are put up in a neat and beautiful style, and will diffuse their delightful fragrance for years.

Price 50 cents.  
Address MME. DEMOREST,  
EMPORIUM OF FASHIONS,  
473 Broadway, N. Y.  
Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

## TIFFANY &amp; CO.,

No. 550 &amp; 552 BROADWAY,

Respectfully invite attention to their unprecedentedly large and varied stock of JEWELRY, CLOCKS AND WATCHES, BRONZES; ARTICLES IN SILVER AND PLATE; SEVERES, DRESSES, AND OTHER PORCELAINS; DRESSING, JEWEL, PAPETERIE, AND DIPLOMATIC CASES IN ROSEWOOD, EBONY OR LEATHER, besides innumerable other fancy articles.



**BALL, BLACK & CO.,**  
565 & 567 BROADWAY, cor. Prince,  
IMPORTERS AND JEWELERS,

Manufacturers of SILVER WARE, SERVICES OF PLATE, for private families, churches, associations, military companies, etc. The most extensive assortment of Silver Ware intended for daily use, combining beauty of form with solidity of metal. Objects of art and taste, unique and classical, as well as richly elaborate, suitable for Presentations and Testimonials, all manufactured on our premises and under our own supervision. Originality of design and appropriate emblematic decorations will characterize each article, and render it fit for whatever occasion desired.

The facilities in manufacturing on so large a scale enable us to place both workmanship and price beyond competition.

**DIAMOND JEWELRY.**

A magnificent selection in all its branches, united with the most recherche taste of setting, renders this department one of the most prominent. An immense stock of Pearls, Rubies, Emeralds, and Sapphires, set or unset, for the selection of our customers.

Watches, of all first class makers in Europe. Gold, Enameled, and Russian Jewelry; Stone, Cameo and Coral Jewelry; Jet, and Tortoise Shell Goods. Fine Military Equipments on hand, and manufactured to order, comprising Swords, Belts, Sashes, Flags, etc., etc.

**GALLERY OF ART.**

Paintings and Marble Statuary, Artistic Bronzes, Clocks, and Metal Ornaments, Fans, Opera Glasses, Dressing Cases, Writing Desks, and Rich Toilet Articles, etc., etc., form the largest collection in this country, and are open to the inspection of the public, together with our rich Assortment of Chandeliers and Gas Fixtures, of entirely new and elegant designs, to suit private residences, stores or public places.

House Furnishing Articles. Our assortment of Sheffield and American Plated Ware and Cutlery, is at all times very extensive and complete.

**BALL, BLACK & CO.,**  
HENRY BAILEY, WILLIAM BLACK, KEENESE MORRIS.

**Diamond Parlor Matches**

Best in market; without sulphur; weak lungs not affected by their use; very cheap. Wholesale and retail by the  
LODI MANUFACTURING CO.,  
65 Courtlandt street, N. Y.



**JOHN A. GRAY & GREEN,**

NEWSPAPER, BOOK AND

JOB PRINTERS, STEREOTYPERS

PAMPHLET, AND BOOK

BINDERS,

Cor. Frankfort and Jacob St., N. Y.

FORTY different NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, and PERIODICALS have been regularly printed by us for over 2 years.

This Magazine is printed upon our presses.

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THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS.

**MORTON'S GOLD PENS,**

THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens, selecting the same according to description, viz:

**GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.**

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for \$1, the Always-Ready Pen; for \$1.25, the Elegant Pen; and for \$1.50, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, & 6 respectively.

**THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.**

For \$1, the Magic Pen; for \$1.25, the Lucky Pen; for \$1.50, the Always-Ready Pen; for \$2, the Elegant Pen; and for \$2.25, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; although they are unwarrented, and, therefore, not exchangeable.

**MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.**

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident. The Numbers indicate size only: No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the Desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6 & 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points.

The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

**GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.**

For \$1.25 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.  
For \$1.50 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.  
For \$2.00 a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.  
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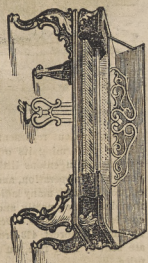
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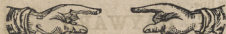


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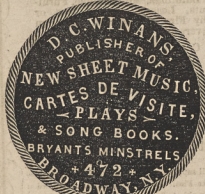
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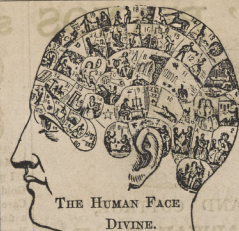
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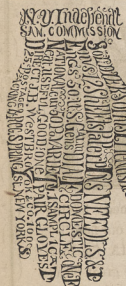
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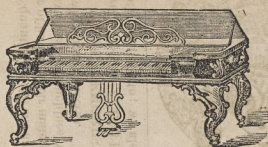
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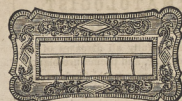


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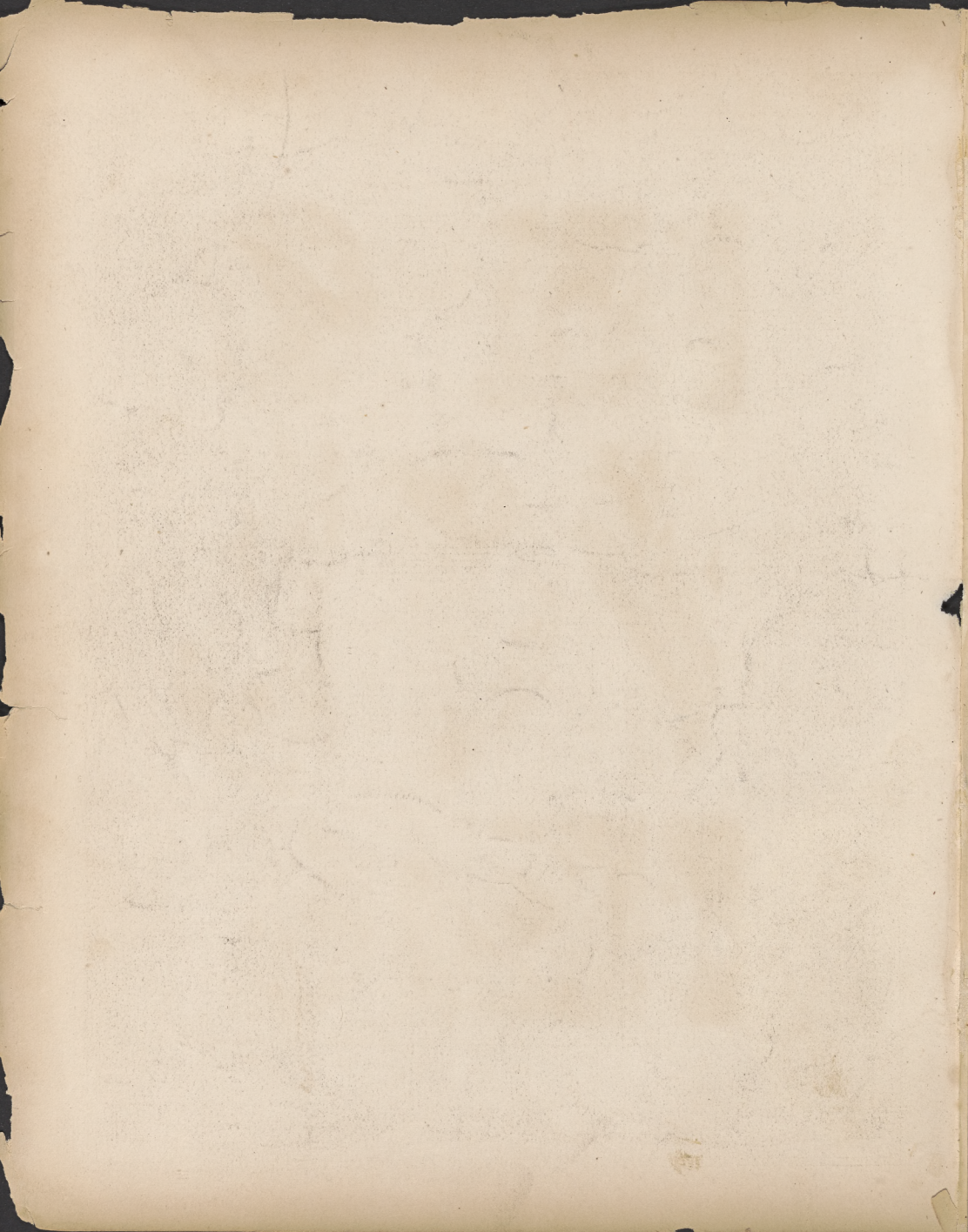




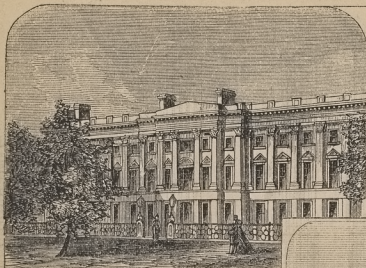
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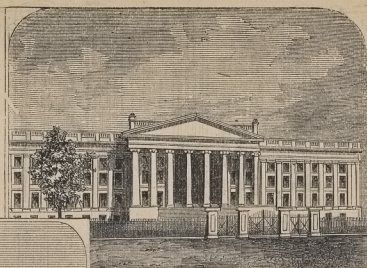




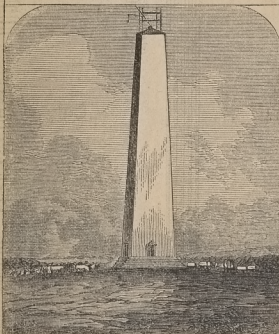
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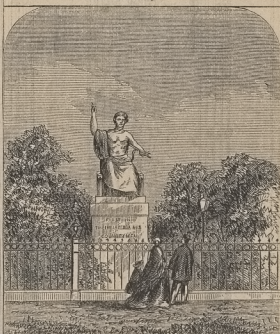
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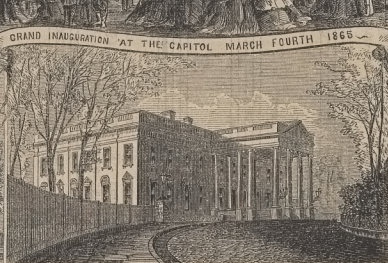
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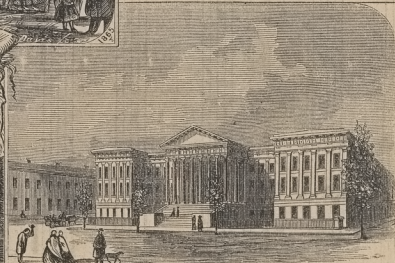
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Music by Mrs. PARKHURST.

*Allegro.*

1. In the  
2. She was  
3. Tear-ful

pret - ty lit - tle val - ley, Where the pearl - y wa - ters flow, And the birds make sweet - est  
love - ly, pure, and gen - tle, And the pride of ev - ery heart: Could this sun - ny heart - ed  
ly we mourn our Ma - ry, Aye, we sad - ly miss her now! Bliss - ful joys of earth now

mu - sic, And the fra - grant ro - ses grow, Dwelt a charm - ing, sport - ive maid - en, Who was  
maid - en Ev - er feel grief's keen - est dart? Oh, we thought that life's pure sun - shine On - ly  
fad - ed, With - ered like our loved one's brow. But that cheer - ful lit - tle cot - tage Still is

all the world to me; For I loved the bright-eyed fai - ry, Dar - ling Ma - ry, blithe and free.  
fell up - on that brow; But a lone - ly hour was com - ing—She's a shin - ing an - gel now.  
smil - ing in the lea, Where once dwelt my dar - ling Ma - ry—Dear - est spot on earth to me.

*rit.*